The Improvement ERA

Volume 34 JULY, 1931 Number 9
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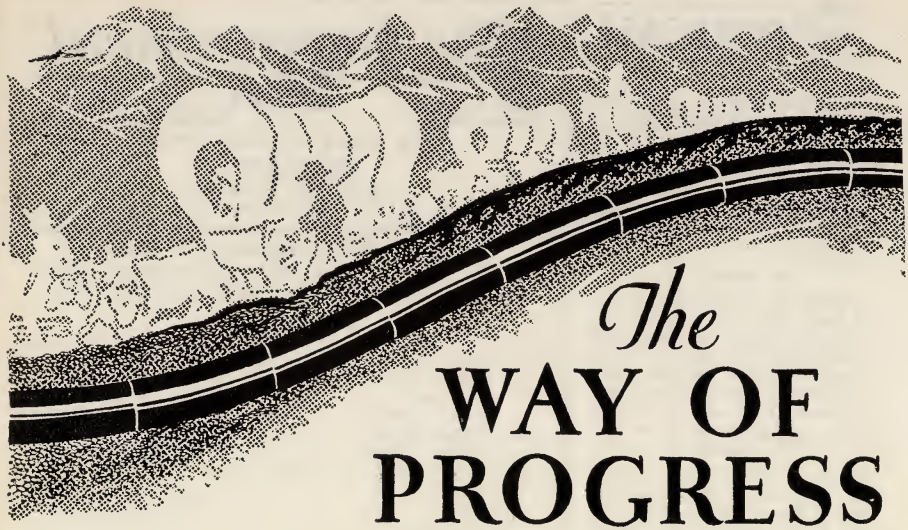

The WAY OF PROGRESS

THE long, slowly plodding immigrant trains brought civilization . . . culture . . . industry to the valley of the Great Salt Lake. But a few decades following this great movement a new westward trek came . . . paralleling for miles the old Oregon and sturdy Mormon Pioneer trail and path of the covered wagons—the Natural Gas line. Utah's future is brightened with the establishment of this new fuel supply. It means a clear, smokeless sky-line . . . cities more inviting to new industries . . . healthful, happy cities and above all cities that can be termed MODERN AMERICAN CITIES.

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FORECAST

ARRANGEMENTS have been made by which the Priesthood department in the *Era* will be greatly improved. Not only will quorum officers and class leaders find items of interest therein, but quorum members as well will find material which is sure to hold their attention.

JOSEPH E. RICHARDS, of Salt Lake City, was awarded the prize offered jointly by the General Boards of M. I. A., and Mrs. Sarah Daniels, for the best tribute to the life and work of Prof. Evan Stephens. This article will appear in the August number of the *Era*.

HON. ARTHUR M. HYDE, Secretary of Agriculture of the United States, gave a delightful talk before the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America in Memphis, Tenn., recently. Superintendent George Albert Smith was present and obtained permission to publish this address in the *Era*. It will appear under the title "Homes—Then and Now." Depicting as it does the changed conditions of home life and the consequent problems involved in the rearing of children, it provokes serious thought and at the same time breathes an optimistic spirit of faith in the present and hope for the future.

MRS. ELSIE CHAMBERLAIN CARROLL is well known to readers of this magazine. "Embers," her latest contribution to these columns, will not disappoint her many admirers. It will be one of the interesting features of the August number.

OUR offer of prizes for the best original poems submitted to us by June 15—one class open to all and the other open to those whose work has never appeared in print—has attracted more attention than was expected. We have had an unusual response, and the judges will be kept busy for several days. At least one of these poems will be given to the public in our next issue.

The Improvement ERA

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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Department of Education

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EDITORIAL

Hugh J. Cannon
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Orson F. Whitney

THE entire Church mourns the passing of Elder Orson F. Whitney, of the Council of Twelve, which occurred May 16, 1931. He was a colorful figure. The world rarely sees a man gifted in so many ways. He was a brilliant writer of both prose and poetry, an unusually talented speaker, a delightful conversationalist possessed of sparkling wit, a master elocutionist, and with outstanding gifts as an actor. Indeed, had he chosen to follow the stage as a career, he would undoubtedly have made a national reputation for himself.

But he chose instead to devote his life to religious work. As a missionary abroad preaching what he knew to be the plan of salvation, as bishop of an important ward at home, visiting the sick and laboring patiently with the sinful, as an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ declaring fervently and with convincing power that the Master had manifested himself in this age, he won the admiration of those who differed with him in belief and the sincere love of all who shared his views.

One wonders whether any man, living or dead, ever preached more funeral sermons than he. To him the resurrection was as real as birth, and he had the ability to make it appear so beautiful to the mourners that the sting of death was in a large measure assuaged. The peaceful resignation with which he himself faced death indicates how sincere his declarations were in regard to the future.

Though his words, oral and written, are silent, they will live on.

The Pioneers

IT was the greatest migration of people of which we have any record and was undoubtedly one requiring the greatest sacrifices, the greatest faith, and the greatest courage because of the magnitude of the journey through an untamed land." In these and similar words, found elsewhere in this issue, a prominent eastern banker refers to the "Mormon" exodus from Nauvoo and the toilsome journey across the plains.

Consider for a moment the faith and courage of the prophet leader, Brigham Young. Thousands of lives were in his hands. We have the records of visits to Utah covering nearly three-quarters of a century before the Latter-day Saints took up their historic pilgrimage, and none of the visitors, from the Franciscan friars, Escalante and Dominguez, down to General John C. Fremont, thought enough of the country to recommend it strongly as a desirable place to live. Indeed, some of them urgently advised President Young that it would be suicidal to bring a large body of people into these valleys.

It was not given to these earlier visitors to see the transformation which was to follow—desolate regions changed into fruitful fields, orchards bringing forth an abundance where once nothing but sagebrush grew, the lowing of cattle in place of howling coyotes. After studying the history, one can readily believe that this country was being reserved for a special purpose.

But the Lord showed in vision the possibilities of the land to his prophet before this man had seen the land itself, and Brigham Young, when once convinced, was as immovable as the mountains through which he led his people. When one of his brothers protested that they were lost, the leader answered positively, "When I see the place I shall know it, and I have not seen it yet."

The faith which President Young's followers had in him, and it was in most instances perfect, was traceable to their faith in God and in the work which he had established. They knew their leader was divinely called and that neither he nor any of his successors would ever be permitted to lead this people astray.

The Indictment Against Tobacco

A WIDESPREAD and determined warfare is now being waged against tobacco and the methods of commercial interests which urge its use. A careful survey of the opponents of tobacco is illuminating. Educators, scientists, doctors, and practically everyone in the world condemn it as harmful, except those who have a monetary interest in it, and this includes the "20679 doctors" who say that . . . . . *"are less irritating"* than some other brands of cigarettes; also a few famous athletes who, thug-like, are willing to injure, perhaps fatally, their fellowmen for the sake of gaining a few dollars.

Has anyone ever heard of an intelligent and conscientious man who says that the use of tobacco promotes health or increases efficiency?

The strongest indictment which can be brought against tobacco is that furnished by those who use it. Here is one of them, taken from Goodwin's Weekly of October 11, 1913, and from the pen of that clever writer, C. C. Goodwin, for many years editor of the Salt Lake Tribune:

Indicted by Those Who Use It

"In a broad and general way I am for the anti-tobacco doctrine promulgated by President Joseph F. Smith at the opening of the October Conference. And I am unprejudiced, because I use the weed. One can be pretty patient with the various weaknesses of human nature, but here is a habit which God never planted in any human being. It is unnatural for a man to chew or smoke tobacco.

"No habit is acquired at such expense of pain and discomfort, or against so positive and emphatic an opposition of nature. The man who smokes can remember when he began self-administration of nicotine poison, and he can remember no other convulsion of his frame which equalled that following his first cigar. The deathly sickness, the battle of normally clean tissues against the rank enmity of the weed, whether smoked or chewed, surpasses any other illness known to man. Seasickness is a horror. But it is a dream of Paradise and the Peri as compared with nicotine poison for the beginner. Ptomaine poison hurts, but it is colic compared to convulsions. There is no protest of the healthy body possibly approaching the physical warning against tobacco.

"And if the user of tobacco—the confirmed slave today, would apply to any useful endeavor the resolution, the persistence, the indifference to suffering, the courage, the power of will, the sacrifice of comfort—which he has devoted to acquiring the tobacco habit, he would have won—though the winning meant fame or fortune, love or leisure!

"President Smith is right. Smoking is foolish. There is not one word to be said in sanity to defend it. Chewing tobacco is beyond all expression filthy. It is vile, vicious, self-contaminating, offensive to companions and repulsive to the community at large.

"And while neither he nor I will make an end of the custom, it is fair to say he told the truth, and it is a thing for patriotic men to applaud, because his word in that meeting will save some men from the one habit which has nothing to defend it and every consideration of cleanliness to oppose."

For many years Judge Goodwin opposed President Smith and the Church with all the vigor of an unusually trenchant pen, which makes his testimony on this point peculiarly valuable.

—*H. J. C.*

Voices in America

A *YOUNG* boy, reading of the fearlessness, the loyalty, the patriotism of Joan of Arc, said, "No wonder she was patriotic. Anyone would be who heard voices calling, as she did. There aren't any voices in America."

He was, perhaps, a very young boy; too young to recognize voices clamoring to be heard; too young to know that no other land in the world has such voices with which to call and such a glorious cause for which to call. As years pass by, his ears may grow more sensitive, his understanding more keen, his perception more acute. And then he will hear the voices of this country.

In the silence of the prairie, there is the voice of the Indian, calling to be rememberd and given his due; calling to tell of the days when the land was his alone; when the great distances were unmarked by any but Indian dwellings; and whispering of the tragedy and the decadence of an ancient people.

From the rocky shore of New England, there come the voices of the Pilgrim fathers and mothers, telling of sacrifice and struggle, of dangers faced and hardships overcome, that others, as well as they, might have a land of freedom in which to offer up the worship of their hearts in safety.

From the halls of the state come other voices—of the men who were inspired to frame a Constitution —new rules of government—by which the freedom of the land was ever to be guarded and maintained.

From below the Mason-Dixon line come voices of the South—husky, crooning voices of the darkies who have been given the right to live lives of their own; those men and women whose bodies can no longer be bartered for money—liberated through the efforts of a man whose voice still sends the inspiration of its echo down through the generations— and ever will.

And from a grove—the voice of a boy who knelt there to pray, and who there heard other voices —Voices which so long had kept silence. And in the voice of this boy, comes the message of life and eternity; the promise of everlasting life; and a voice from the dust of Cumorah, proclaiming the Gospel of Christ and telling of a day, long past, when the Master himself came to America.

From Kirtland and Nauvoo drift the soft sounds of voices long since silenced in the hush of death— death suffered for the cause they loved better than mortal life. There are voices of those who were driven and hunted, not because of their wickedness, but their goodness and faithfulness; and the voices of those who left their homes to follow trusted leaders into unknown regions, in the hope of finding the peace for which they longed and prayed.

From the vast barren waste of the plains come the sweet melodies of songs sung at dusk, when the march of the day was over. *"Come, come, ye Saints; no toil nor labor fear, but with joy, wend your way."* And voices of mothers, weeping for their children, buried by the wayside; and of little boys and girls, weary, and with feet bleeding from the long, hard walk, with bare feet.

Then voices of praise and glad thanksgiving, when finally the voice of their Prophet-leader said, *"This is the place!"*

There are voices of those who have been good, calling from the past to bid us also be good; voices of the brave crying bravery to their children's children; voices of those who have kept faith bidding us hold high the light of faith, and keep it bright.

Will we of today have a message to call to future generations? Yes, if we will listen to the voices of the past and hearken, and obey. To keep faith with those voices of the past is to strengthen the foundation of faith for generations of the future.

Into the chain of America's voices, may the Americans and Latter-day Saints of today forge a new link; the golden voice of the twentieth century which will send its call in clarion tones into ages to come—the strong voice of those who have been true, and can, therefore, call others to be true.—*E. T. B.*

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Vol. 34-42 No. 9 JULY, 1931

Orson Ferguson Whitney

An Appreciation

By
GEORGE D. PYPER

A PRINCE has fallen in Israel!"

No death in recent years suggests more forcibly the above quotation than the passing, on May 16, 1931, of our beloved brother, Elder Orson Ferguson Whitney, an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, the fifth ranking member of the Council of the Twelve.

A prince was he in very deed. Born in Salt Lake City, July 1, 1855, a grandson, on his father's side, of Bishop Newell K. Whitney; on his mother's side of President Heber C. Kimball, Brigham Young's close friend and counselor; his father, Horace K. Whitney, with the others named, one of the original Utah pioneers; his mother, Helen Mar Kimball, Heber C's eldest living daughter, a pioneer of 1848, and a writer of no mean ability, Orson Whitney came through a line of noble ancestors, favored of the Lord and held in high esteem by the Saints of the latter-days. Tall of stature, noble and stately in appearance, a polished gentleman in demeanor, he was commanding in any group, one whom, if you met on the street, you would turn around and look at the second time.

IN his latest book, "Through Memory's Halls," Brother Whitney has written his own life in his own way. All through the pages of that naive, intimate and most interesting volume, he stands out self-revealed, a man of simple faith yielding obedience in his childhood to his earthly parents and likewise trusting implicitly all through the years in God, whom he revered as a loving Father. It was this almost childlike faith that prompted him as a boy to kneel down and ask the Lord to help him find a prized jack-knife which he had lost—*and he found it*. I was that absolute faith in and dependence upon the Lord that made him in manhood such a powerful agent in administering to the sick and afflicted, and in giving comfort to bereaved Saints. Funeral sermons he preached in untold numbers. He never failed to say the right thing in the right place.

Shakespeare says: "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players; they have their exits and their entrances; and one man in his time plays many parts."

ELDER ORSON FERGUSON WHITNEY

Orson F. Whitney was a man of many parts—actor, poet, author, orator, historian, statesman, and apostle. And he played all equally well, although he shone most resplendently in the role of a preacher of righteousness—the role in which he was best known among his people.

AS a youth he sought companionship with those musically inclined; for his love of the divine art was passionate. Like his father, he was a good flutist and could thrum acceptably, too, on the guitar. In fact, he taught both these instruments. With his young friends, notable among whom was his chum, Ab Kimball, he haunted the home of William Clayton, where he always found a musical atmosphere to his liking.

In 1874 Brother

Whitney was the principal founder of the famous Wasatch Literary Association, most of whose members later became prominent in Utah's history; in 1888 he was a moving factor in the organization of the Home Dramatic Club, of which he was a member and actor of marked ability. He would have followed the stage as a profession had it not been for the earnest prayers of his religious mother.

DURING and after the Home Dramatic days he often met socially with a group of young people among whom, besides himself, were President Heber J. Grant, former Governor Heber M. ("Heeb") Wells, John D. Spencer, Horace G. ("Bud") Whitney, Brigham S. ("Bid") Young, Richard W. ("Dick") Young, Dr. Stanley H. ("Stan") Clawson, Rulon S. ("Rule") Wells, Daniel S. ("Dan") Spencer, Henry M. Dinwoodey, and the writer, with their wives; others, well known, but too numerous to name, at times, augmented this merry group. And it is the opinion of the members who survive that no set ever lived that had more enjoyable and intellectual feasts than this Eighteenth Ward group of young people, as they occasionally met at each others' homes. There was never a fixed program. None was necessary. Wit and humor were spontaneous—the "hang over" of the old Wasatch Literary days. In these gatherings "Ort" Whitney, as he was then called, was always an outstanding entertainer. Just to hear him whistle, play the flute, recite, or sing was a rare treat. The old songs "Maid of Athens" and "I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight," favorites of his, were excellent mediums for his rich, sonorous voice. This reference recalls the thought, expressed by several, that during the singing of "I am a Pilgrim" by Alvin Keddington at the funeral services, the lower notes of the singer were almost uncannily like the tones of "Ort" Whitney.

INTO his life's rich domain as poet, author, historian, orator, statesman, apostle, the writer feels incapable of entering. That should be left to one more fit. His books of poems, notably "Elias, an Epic of the Ages," would alone bring him literary fame. Add to these his monumental "History of Utah" and other works and his place among the immortals is secure. His advocacy of the cause of Woman Suffrage in the Utah State Constitutional Convention will live in history, and rank him among Utah's most gifted orators and statesmen.

Of the poems of Orson F. Whitney, the following, though not his loftiest, was always a favorite with the writer:

Orson F. Whitney

Percy Martin Horne

ANOTHER David slings his smoldered brand
Far out upon the dark, restless flood;
The head falls stricken, and the frozen blood
Runs slower in the veins,—from those still hands
The lyre falls, neglected, to the sands
And wails a broken monody. Oh God,
Was he not Prince of Poets? Like the sod
His songs were,—deep, majestic organ-tones
That thundered mid a sea of little moans,
Small waves of sound that scattered at his feet.

He knew the mighty peak, the lofty height,
Where deep-voiced storms were hollowed to a roar.
The tempest was his mighty avatar,
The eagle's shadow marked his starry flight.
He knew the secrets of the day and night;
He knew the Hand that held Celestial Power
Above the gloom-wrapt, unpredicted hour
When stricken mortals cried aloud for aid.
In evil, his reproach was like a blade
That cut the evil-doer to the heart.

O Weep! for the proud head that pillowed lies
In dreamless slumber!—how it used to lift
Majestical above the wayward drift
Of little minds, and their indignant cries.
He faced the "Argument" with flashing eyes,
Yet calm, unruffled mien. What dignity
Was in his step,—if we could only see
Him walk the earth once more. If we had known
How soon his death, then surely we had grown
More mindful of his countenance serene.

Yet, wherefore weep? Come, let us think instead
Of his glad welcome in the world that lies
Beyond our clay-stopped ears and eager eyes,
As on he wings through that bright myriad.
Think how the countless millions of the dead
May know the inspiration of his voice,—
And how the hosts of heaven must rejoice
That he has come to grace the Halls of God.
O Poet, while we clamor for the Rod,
Your mind is free to wing the heights beyond!

The Mountain and the Vale

There's a mountain named Stern Justice,
Tall and towering, gloomy, grand,
Frowning o'er a vale called Mercy,
Loveliest in all the land.

Great and mighty is the mountain
But its snowy crags are cold,
And in vain the sunlight lingers
On the summit proud and bold.

There is warmth within the valley,
And I love to wander there,
'Mid the fountain and the flowers,
Breathing fragrance on the air.

Much I love the solemn mountain
It doth meet my solemn mood,
When, amid the muttering thunders
O'er my soul the storm-clouds brood.

But when tears, like rain, have fallen
From the fountain of my woe,
And my soul has lost its fierceness,
Straight into the vale I go.

Where the landscape, gently smiling,
O'er my heart pours healing balm,
And, as oil on troubled waters,
Brings from out its storm a calm.

Yes, I love both vale and mountain,
Ne'er from either would I part;
Each unto my life is needful,
Both are dear unto my heart.

For the smiling vale doth soften
All the rugged steeps make sad,
And from icy rocks meander
Rills that make the valley glad.

IT would be flattery to say that Bishop Whitney was impeccable. There was only one perfect mortal who ever lived on this earth, and He was the Man of Galilee. "But," says one eminent writer, "it is not by faults, but by excellencies that we must measure greatness." Lord Beaconsfield said: "A great man is one who affects the mind of his generation." Daniel Webster: "A solemn and religious regard for spiritual and eternal things is an indispensable element of greatness;" and Emerson puts it this way: "Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force; that thoughts rule the world." Carlyle wrote: "Great souls are always loyally submissive; reverent to what is over them."

All of these qualities were finely

[*Continued on page 555*]

A Historic Document

The following letter, written nine days after the arrival of the Pioneers in the valley, contains the first word sent back to the anxious Saints in the east.

It indicates very clearly the practical, far-seeing mind of the great leader and his thoughtfulness for the welfare of his people. It breathes, too, a faith in the Almighty which was characteristic of the writer. At that time it doubtless required the eye of faith to see in their desolate surroundings "the most beautiful valley of the Great Salt Lake."

Pioneer Camp, Valley of the Great Salt Lake,
August 2, 1847.

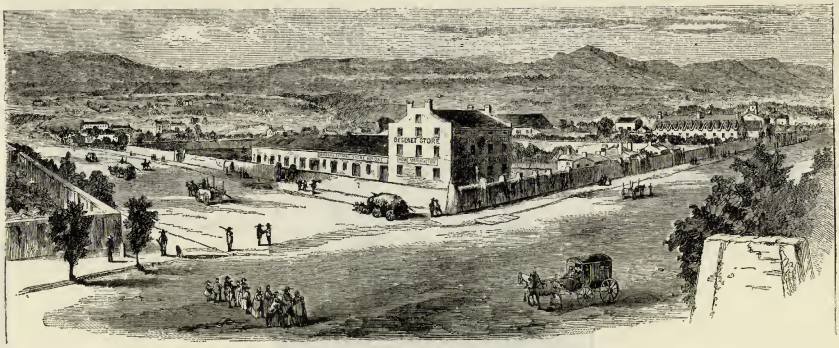
To General Charles C. Rich and the presidents and officers of the Emigrating Company.

Beloved Brethren:

We have delegated our beloved brother, Ezra T. Benson, and escort to communicate to you by express the cheering intelligence that we have arrived in the most beautiful valley of the Great Salt Lake, that every soul who left Winter Quarters with us is alive and almost everyone enjoying good health. That portion of the battalion that was at Pueblo is here with us, together with the Mississippi company that accompanied them; and they are generally well. We number about 450 souls, and we know of no one but what is pleased with our situation. We have commenced the survey of a city this morning. We feel that the time is fast approaching when those teams that are going to Winter Quarters this fall should be on the way. Every individual here would be glad to tarry, if their friends were here; but as many of the battalion, as well as the pioneers, have not their families here, and do not expect that they are in your camp, we wish to learn by express from you the situation of your camp as speedily as possible. That we may be prepared to counsel and act in the whole matter, we want you should send the name of every individual in your camp, or in other words a copy of your camp roll, including the names, number of wagons, horses, mules, oxen, cows, etc., the health of your camp, your location, prospects, etc., if your teams are worn out, if your camp is sick and not able to take care of themselves, if you are short of teamsters, or any other circumstance impedes your progess, we want to know it immediately, for we have help for you; and if your teams are in good plight, and will be able to return to Winter Quarters this season, or any portion of them; we want to know it. We also want the mail, which will include all letters and papers and packages belonging to our camp, general and particular. Would circumstances permit, we would gladly meet you some distance from this, but our time is very much occupied; notwithstanding, we think you will see us before you see our valley. Let all the brethren and sisters cheer up their hearts and know assuredly that God has heard and answers their prayers, and ours, and led us to a goodly land, and our souls are satisfied therewith. Brother Benson can give you many particulars that will be gratifying and cheering to you, which we have not time to write. And we feel to bless all the Saints.

In behalf of the Council,
Brigham Young, President.

Willard Richards, Clerk.



View of Salt Lake City in 1858. Lion House at extreme right.

Just a Reminder

By PRESTON NIBLEY

RECENTLY there were put into my hands a few pages of Harper's Weekly, taken or torn from old volumes and bearing dates of May 15, September 25, and December 4, all of the year 1858. These old pages, now faded and worn, are profusely illustrated with excellent views of Salt Lake City, taken from photographs made that same year by "Burr and Mogo," and forwarded on to Harper's Weekly at New York City for publication. Whoever Burr and Mogo were is now only a matter of conjecture, but they did their work well and have preserved for us excellent representations of the appearance of our city in those old days when it was but a struggling village, set out as an oasis in the midst of what was then known as "the great American desert."

Digging back into old statistics, such as are available, I find that the population of Salt Lake City in 1858 was somewhere in the neighborhood of 8,000. Through tremendous efforts, in eleven years of poverty and struggle, it had got itself fairly founded, and had taken root, so to speak, in a region where it had been predicted that man could not survive. What had been done, had been done with a view to permanence. By 1858, President Young could look about him and feel that the first ten years in the valley had been a success. What he had dreamed of accomplishing when he descended the hillside slopes on July 24, 1847, and viewed the valley for the first time, now stood before him accomplished—a thing done. Zion had been founded in the tops of the mountains and people of many nations were flocking thereto.

SPRINGTIME in 1858 saw the warm rays of the sun come out over the eastern mountains, drive the drifts of snow away and bring up the grass and flowers. By June, when perhaps some of these pictures were made, the city was at its loveliest; all the trees in leaf and tiny streams of fresh water flowing down either side of the streets. It was a veritable garden spot—the fruit of eleven years of patient toil. It represented peace and joy and contentment in the lives of the Latter-day Saints; it was the temporal realization of their dreams.

But lo, in the midst of it all, there was consternation and terror in the hearts of the people. Distantly, there could be seen, during this very month of June, 1858, trudging through the rocky defiles of Echo Canyon, soldiers of the United States army, cavalry and

The Old Tabernacle at Salt Lake City

infantry, marching painfully but determinedly forward, with this very "city of the Saints" as their objective. War was in the air, and it was war against this peaceful agricultural people, whose whole object in the world was "to build up the Church and Kingdom of God." It is my opinion that "Burr and Mogo" with their cameras and photographic materials were with these soldiers, sent possibly by Harper's Weekly to take photographs of the strange western country and the habitations of the Latter-day Saints.

ON the 28th of June, the army entered the valley, came across the bench now occupied by Fort Douglas, and marched through the city. The peaceful homes and gardens were there, but not a man, woman or child was in sight. The homes of the Latter-day Saints were deserted. That matchless leader, Brigham Young, had ordered the people into the desert for safety. With the approach of the soldiers, he said:

"Do I expect to stand still, or sit still, or lie still and tamely let them take away my life? I have told you a great many times what I have to say about that. I do not profess to be so good a man as Joseph Smith was. I do not walk under their protection nor into their prisons as he did. And though officers should pledge me their protection, as Governor Ford pledged protection to Joseph, I would not trust them any sooner than I would a wolf with my dinner; neither do I trust in a wicked judge, nor in any evil person. I trust in my God and in honest men and women who have the power of the Almighty upon them." J. D. 5-127.

One other thing President Young was very determined upon, and that was that the troops should not come into the valley to occupy the peaceful homes of the Saints, won by their hardy toil. There would be scant evidence of this beautiful city if that were to be attempted. He said, "I am determined, if driven to extremity, that our enemies shall find nothing here but heaps of ashes and ruins." And then the vote was put to the people, "All you that are willing to set fire to your property and lay it in ashes rather than submit to their military rule and oppression, manifest it by raising your hands." What a test of their faith! What a marvelous confidence in their leaders! And we read that the Latter-day Saints, with one accord, agreed to this destruction rather than submit themselves to military rule and oppression.

ALL the above and much more transpired in the eventful year of 1858, when the photographs reproduced herewith were taken. We can look back now over a period of nearly seventy-three years since that time, and have many

A Song

SUCH a deep and reverent pride
is in my heart,
Such thanks for this wide land;
there is no part
Of my impassioned soul but raptly
cleaves
To every native thing—these tawny
leaves,
These dusty hills, this hazy stretch
of plain,
October sun and chill, November
rain.

Why should I not feel kin to this
dark earth?
My race it was to which this soil
gave birth.
The sturdy folk I spring from
toiled and fought
Here to build homes, and slowly,
slowly wrought
Familiar miracles with seed and
plow—
The once dry wastes are fertile val-
leys now.

Heroes were they, this eager, quest-
ing line
Of men who perished in a cause
divine,
Of women, fragile instruments of
fate,
To usher in a new race, strong
and straight,
A tribe of gallant leaders, still un-
bowed—
Of these am I—why should I not
be proud?
—Rosannah J. Cannon.

A View from the old "Council House," Salt Lake City

serious reflections. First, we can know that a noble and unconquerable spirit dwelt in the Latter-day Saints in that bitter and trying time. We can know that they were a united people, under a great leader, working for a most beautiful and worthy cause; namely, to build up here on earth "The Church and Kingdom of God." We can know that they did their work well, and that on the foundation which they laid a mighty structure has since been reared. All honor to their glorious efforts, and to their sacred memories!

The heart of the trouble between our people and their enemies, from the beginning until now, is that neither they nor their work have been understood, for no man can grasp or comprehend the meaning of "Mormonism," except by the self-same spirit that animates it. This is a fundamental truth and must always be borne in mind in connection with our history.

With the approach of the troops in August, 1857, President John Taylor said in one of his splendid and intelligent sermons:

"What is the reason that the world of mankind does not appreciate the principles that are so plain and manifest to us? How is it that all of our friends, relatives and associates and the neighborhoods where we have resided have not fallen in with the Gospel of Jesus Christ? Why is it that all these things have not been appreciated by the millions of the human family who have had precisely the same opportunities that we have had? It is because they do not appreciate them —because they cannot see and understand. The light shone in darkness and it comprehended it not, but to those who received it, it was life and salvation."

Yes, to those who comprehend and receive it, it is verily life and salvation. The pioneers who built the city portrayed in these pictures, sacrificed their all for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They put forth their entire efforts "to build up the Church and Kingdom of God," and thereby, in doing so they gained all.

The old "Social Hall," State Street, Salt Lake City

[Editors' Note: Preston Nibley, the author of this interesting sketch, is constantly on the look-out for something new. Particularly is this true when the subject under consideration is related to the early history of Utah or of the Church. He is an ardent admirer of President Brigham Young, and there are few, if any, members of the community who have made a more exhaustive study of the lives of the Church leaders than has he. He fairly revels in an old volume of the Journals of Discourses, and has been the means of bringing to light many a forgotten gem. His painstaking researches into the domain of Church history enables him to appreciate, better than the average person is able to do, the difficulties met and overcome by the intrepid and inspired pioneer leader.

Residence of Heber C. Kimball

Main Street Scene. "Council House" on right.

A Splendid Tribute

[Mr. Dan V. Stephens, president of the Stephens National Bank, Fremont, Nebraska, paid this tribute to the "Mormon" Pioneers during the course of a speech made at the Second Western Bank Management Conference at Salt Lake City, March 26-27, 1931. Editors.]

I AM deeply interested in these bank management meetings that are being held throughout the United States.

I am especially interested in this particular bank management conference held in this magnificent empire of the West among the great people who founded it. I have three ties that connect me with the great State of Utah.

One is with your splendid Governor, George Dern. He and I were boys together forty years ago back in Nebraska. I remember him as a stalwart, upstanding youth in our university.

The second tie that binds me to your state is the fact that I formerly studied law with that eminent jurist, Joseph E. Frick, back in Nebraska more than forty years ago. After he gave up his effort to make a lawyer of me he migrated to Utah and the people of this great state honored him by electing him Chief Justice of their Supreme Court.

The third tie that binds me to this state is the great "Mormon" Trail. I live at the other end of it, a day's trek from Winter Quarters on the Missouri.

A Great Event

A FEW years ago I built a summer home out on the Elkhorn River and, as I stood on my front porch looking to the southward, I looked at the trail over which passed that great "Mormon" Caravan, that first exodus of "Mormons" that started out from Winter Quarters at Florence, Nebraska, in 1847. Standing there and contemplating the marvelous history of those people, who journeyed through a savage wilderness and founded an empire in this great basin here in the West, I thought how apt and appropriate it would be to commemorate that event among the people of this locality by perpetuating the memory of that trek across the plains, the greatest probably in human history and so I employed an eminent artist and had him paint a frieze one hundred twenty feet in length around our living room depicting the great events of history that belonged to that particular locality; and the most striking and outstanding event in the series was the "Mormon" caravan as it appeared on that eventful morning in early spring.

I reproduced the event as it probably occurred when the great covered caravan came down out of the hills of the Missouri bluffs into the wide meandering Elkhorn Valley at its juncture with the Platte River Valley. I had the artist feature the event as the train of creaking ox teams and nondescript wagons and carts of various kinds came up out of the Elkhorn River

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Covered Wagon Days

SOMEWHERE in the nimbus of dimming recollection, tradition begins! And so we have come to that period of transition in the history of the West when the hallowed things of memory are to be immortalized in the pageantry of public celebration.

"Covered Wagon Days," picturesque portrayal of the frontier planned for July 24, 25 and 26, should be welcomed by all as a happy means of preserving a heroic epoch in the building of the West. There are yet those living among us who took parts in the great drama; but they are only a remnant—they will pass on within a generation. How fortunate for their children and their children's children that the precious lore will be reverently preserved!

As a token of keen interest in the "Covered Wagon Days" project, The *Improvement Era* devotes the cover of this issue to the depicting of the intrepid pioneer who made possible the homes and the civilization we now enjoy.—*Louis Larsen.*

Was The Word of Wisdom Divinely Given?

By

DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE
of the Council of Twelve

THE revelation known as the Word of Wisdom was received February 27, 1833, and published soon thereafter. Since that time practically every statement made by the Word of Wisdom has been confirmed by science; none has been found erroneous.

A. The Word of Wisdom implies that food and beverages are of prime importance in preserving health, lenghtening life, and maintaining happiness.

In 1833, there was no science of nutrition. Most of the sciences upon which our knowledge of nutrition rests were not known; organic chemistry was just beginning; bacteriology was unborn; and the other related sciences were far in the offing. That food and drink were important factors of health was conceded; but it was two decades after 1833 before the first systematic nutrition studies—at first with the lower animals—were begun by Henneberg and Stohmann in the little village of Weende, near the university town of Goettingen, Germany.

Today, a science of nutrition has arisen, resting safely upon facts of observation, which compels the belief that among the conditions that determine health and longevity none is more important than nutrition—our food and drink. This new knowledge is spreading over the earth with unexampled rapidity.

B. "Behold, thus saith the Lord, unto you: In consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this Word of Wisdom by revelation."

In 1833, most food materials were produced in the communities consuming them. Few were manufactured or adulterated.

Today benzoate of soda and other preservatives are used and skillfully blended with foods to permit of indefinite storage or transportation from countries far remote from the places of consumption. To protect the people, practically every civilized land has "pure food laws" to regulate the traffic in manufactured, adulterated, or improperly preserved foods. Today, substances injurious to health, such as alcohol, tobacco, coffee, and tea, are so widely and skillfully advertised as to deceive all but those well informed as to their injurious action on the body and hence are being consumed in increasing quantities.

C. "Strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies."

In 1833, it was recognized that drunkenness was harmful; but moderate, though steady drinking of alcoholic beverages was not generally held to be injurious; and the actual effects of alcohol upon the body were not well understood.

Today, repeated scientific observations have shown that alcohol, even in small doses affects unfavorably the brain, stomach, and other organs of the body. Those who indulge in alcoholic beverages do so to satisfy their appetites and in spite of the accumulated knowledge of the evils to follow. It is noteworthy that in modern treatment for health, rubbing the body with alcohol is an increasing practice.

D. "Tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill."

In 1833, it was not known generally that tobacco contains a deadly poison, for nicotine had been discovered only a few years before, in 1822. Its effects upon the body had not been determined, and the knowledge obtained was buried in the scientific journals of the day.

Today, the poisonous nature of tobacco has been fully determined; and within recent years, furfural, acrolein, and many other injurious substances have been found in the smoke inhaled by tobacco users. It is conceded that the tobacco habit, acquired in youth, stunts bodily and mental growth, and acquired in maturity, is a useless, expensive, injurious practice, and that it is always "a noxious, stinking" habit.

E. "Hot drinks are not for the body or belly." This, by direct statement of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his associates, refers to coffee, tea, and similar beverages containing drugs which increase heart action.

In 1833, it was known *only* to the scientific world that coffee contains caffein, a nerve-whipping substance, and that tea contains caffein and also tannic acid. Caffein was discovered in 1821. The physiological effects of these sub-

stances had been determined only partially.

Today, it has been scientifically demonstrated and is commonly known that coffee, tea, and similar drinks injure the body because of their injurious effects on the organs of the body and upon the nervous system. Caffein belongs to the active, habit-forming poisons, weakening the nervous system and organs of elimination. Tannic acid tends to make the stomach inactive, and is positively injurious.

F. "All wholesome herbs God hath ordained for the constitution, nature, and use of man—every herb in the season thereof, and every fruit in the season thereof; all these to be used with prudence and thanksgiving."

In 1833, the value of vegetables and fruits was not recognized. The poor who could not do better ate vegetables; fruit was a luxury; neither class of food was held indispensable for full health, and the importance of fresh vegetables and fruits "in the season thereof" was not stressed.

Today, the daily use of fruits and vegetables is recommended by science, upon the basis of long and patient experimentation, for at least three reasons. 1. The actual food value, often high; 2. The mineral content which is of prime importance in regulating the composition of the blood, and functions of the different organs, therefore protecting the body against disease; and 3. The vitamins, substances as yet of somewhat obscure composition, present in extremely small quantities, but of the utmost importance in enabling the body to make proper use of the food eaten and in protecting the body against disease. This knowledge has come gradually during the last half century, many years after the revelation given to the Prophet Joseph Smith. It is less than thirty years since the Dutchman, Eijkmann, and the Englishman, Hopkins, made the capital discoveries that led to the vitamin theory and the complete revision of the science of nutrition. An essential feature of this modern knowledge is the necessity of using fresh fruits and vegetables for in most cases, preservation by drying or canning destroys the vitamins. Foods must be eaten "in the season thereof."

G. "Flesh also of the beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord, have ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving; nevertheless they are to be used sparingly; and it is pleasing unto me that they should not be used only in times of winter, or of cold, or famine."

In 1833, at least among Americans and Europeans, meat was looked upon as the best and most important article of diet. "No meat, no strength," was the usual slogan. Practically nothing was known about the chemical composition of meat.

Today the pre-eminence of meat as an article of diet has vanished. Scientific study has shown that excessive meat eating may lead to many dreaded diseases. It has been shown further that fruits, vegetables, grains, and nuts contain all the essential food elements. Just a little over a decade ago, Dr. R. H. Chittenden of Yale, showed with a group of athletes, that the usual intake of meat could be reduced to a third or less of that commonly used, and with great benefit to the individual. A person may live on meat alone but with danger to his future health. It may be done best in cold climates—and there it is usually taken practically raw.

H. "All grain is ordained for the use of man and of beasts, to be the staff of life—nevertheless, wheat for man, and corn for the ox, and oats for the horse, and rye for the fowls and for swine, and for all beasts of the field, and barley for all useful animals, and for mild drinks, and also other grain."

In 1833, there was no knowledge of the composition of grain. Different grains were used because of tradition, based no doubt on experience. Bread was the "staff of life," but it was largely unbolted and unrefined. Whenever bolted flour could be obtained, it was used.

Today, it is known that grains contain Vitamin B, one of the most important of the vitamin group; but in wheat the Vitamin B is concentrated in the germ and bran, both of which are excluded in ordinary flour. A dietary without a grain base is not complete for health. Wheat is peculiarly fitted for man—and it should be whole wheat ground fine if the full value is to be obtained. A definite difference has been found in the feeding value of the different grains. Man thrives on wheat; cattle sicken on it; but prosper on corn. There is much yet to be learned in this field, but it has been established that grains are essential in the human dietary and that wheat is a good human food. "Nevertheless, wheat for man, corn for the ox," etc., says our guide to health! And the whole grain as grown by nature must be used.

I. "All Saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones; and shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint. And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen."

In 1833, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was three years old. Its membership, gathered from all classes of people, were no different in health, as far as known, from other people of the day and locality.

Today, the Church is more than a century old. It numbers about three-fourths of a million members. For ninety-eight years, the people have kept the Word of Wisdom in part. Their vital statistics even with the partial obedience to the Lord's Law of Health have made them a marked people. Their birth rate is a third higher than that of the civilized nations; their death rate one-half; they suffer less from the diseases of mankind; their intellectual attainments are remarkably high; their social and economic condition is far above that of the civilized world generally. The promises of the Word of Wisdom have been literally fulfilled. It is undoubtedly true that a super-

[*Continued on page 557*]

The Mechanics of Digestion

By L. WESTON OAKS, M. D.

BY *digestion* is meant the process of preparing food materials so they may be absorbed into the blood stream. With some of them profound changes must be achieved before they are appropriate to absorption: some others require little alteration. Water is readily taken up as such, by cells anywhere along the digestive tract. Milk, although it is also a liquid and comprised largely of water, receives attention of digestive agents in at least three parts of the alimentary canal before it is disposed of.

Making foods ready for absorption involves processes which are both physical and chemical. The former is represented in mastication or chewing, in movement of the material from one part of the canal to another, and in its absorption into the blood stream.

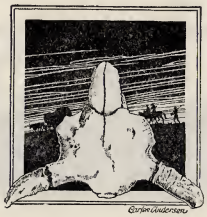
MOVEMENT along the tract is accomplished through muscular action, carried on by muscle layers in the walls of throat, esophagus, stomach, and intestines. These muscle coats have their component fibres so arranged that their contraction narrows the lumen of the canal; and such an area of narrowing usually, or always, has directly ahead of it one of relaxation into which the material contracted upon is moved. Contraction tends to occur in waves, which begin at some point—such as the upper end of the small intestine—and proceed toward its lower extremity. Such a wave may travel only a short distance before it ceases; but its direction, under normal conditions, is usually down the canal. This form of activity is called *peristalsis*. *Reverse peristalsis* means the arising of contraction waves which travel toward the mouth. They occur in stomach, esophagus, and sometimes upper end of small intestine, in vomiting or emesis.

Besides moving material onward, peristalsis has much to do with mixing it and the secretions or juices which function in digestion. This is notably true in the stomach.

From a chemical standpoint, digestion is accomplished wholly through the agency of digestive juices. These are provided by various glands located along the course of the canal. Each secretion is characteristic in its composition and action. Each one also contains one or more individual chemical agents which are known as *enzymes*.

Enzymes are peculiar in that, while they initiate the breaking down of complex substances into simpler ones and urge its rapid achievement, they themselves do not enter into the chemical reactions involved. That is, the enzymes remain as such, and in no way combine with other substances concerned in the process. Because of this they have been called *catalyzers*.

THE fascinating story of digestion—following such preparation as occurs in cooking—begins in the mouth. There solids are subjected to more or less breaking up, or mechanical division, from chewing. Of some importance is this mastication, since it furnishes many additional surfaces constituting a greatly increased area to come into contact with digestive juices. There has been much discussion concerning the relative importance of chewing the food well. When certain meats enter the stomach, enzymes of the gastric juice seem readily to penetrate and break them down, regardless of whether they are finely chewed or not. Most individuals are inclined to chew their food only sufficiently to permit of easy passage down the esophagus. Contrasted with this is the attitude of the Fletcherists who maintain that each mouthful should be chewed until it disappears down the throat without conscious swallowing.



Aside from grinding of the material to be swallowed, chewing also mixes the saliva with it. This secretion is elaborated by three pairs of salivary glands, the ducts of which empty into the mouth. Outside of lubricating the food and flavoring its passage to the stomach, saliva is concerned with the digestion of starches. Its enzyme, *ptyalin*, attacks them and initiates their change into a complex sugar called maltose. Saliva is weakly alkalin in reaction, and ptyalin will act only in such a medium. This means that as soon as the starchy material is mixed with the highly acid stomach juices all salivary activity upon it ceases.

INVESTIGATIONS indicate that, after thirty minutes in the stomach, sufficient mixing with the gastric secretions has occurred to stop further action of saliva. Ptyalin, however, works rapidly; and, if the starchy foods are well mixed with it in the mouth, much of its possibility will be accomplished be-

fore acidulation occurs. Consequently it would seem justifiable to assume that even more importance attaches to thorough mastication of the soft starchy materials that we eat than to careful chewing of meats. Our hasty eating habits lead us to swallow such foods with little or no attention, and it is quite possible that we here initiate burdens to digestion for which we later pay toll in discomfort, through hampered digestive function. Daily eating of hot breads—hot, freshly baked biscuits, etc.—has in medical minds been accredited with causation of some chronic difficulties of stomach and intestines. A mouthful of such material almost at once becomes a soft glutenous mass, readily swallowable, and which naturally receives little attention in the way of chewing or mixing with salivary secretions.

Having reached the stomach, all foods mingle in a more or less conglomerate mass, through rhythmic contractions of that organ designed to bring its secretions into intimate contact with all portions of the meal.

In stomach walls are found at least three separate types of tiny glands—that is, glands elaborating at least three kinds of secretions which go to make up the gastric juice. One prepares an enzyme called *rennin*, which functions in coagulating the proteid of milk, forming the curd. Another is known as *pepsin*, and is concerned only with the first step in breaking down proteid materials.

Pepsin and rennin are peculiar in that they will act only in an acid medium. This is about the only known instance in body physiology where an acid reaction is necessary to normal function. A third type of gland furnishes the acid, which is designated as hydrochloric or, in commerce, muriatic acid.

CERTAIN complex proteids can be chemically broken down into simpler ones only by first combining them with an acid and producing what is called *acid-proteid*. Thus hydrochloric acid serves to make activity of the pepsin possible, and at the same time to prepare the material for its action. The acid is also a rather powerful antiseptic, because of its chlorine content; and it serves to discourage growth and activity of bacteria in the stomach. Where normal acid content is lacking, fermentation of foods occurs—through bacterial action—with production of quantities of gas, as well as some distress, and consequent disturbance of the whole digestive function. Such a state is common with cancer of the stomach, and in numerous conditions characterized by marked general depression.

Abnormal increase of acid is often spoken of as "acid-stomach," "heartburn;" or hyperacidity, and is accompanied by pain or discomfort which is relieved through taking food or alkalies. Such a state results from nervous high tension or excessive worry, wrong eating habits such as taking of candy or other like materials instead of a meal, irregularity of eating when under great strain or overworked, and from certain disease conditions of the digestive tract. It is commonly associated with ulcer of the stomach, and accounts for much of the pain there experienced.

PROTEID foods taken into the stomach tend to absorb acid present and to insure a normal balance of acidity. The taking of candy, pastry and coffee, or any of the other subterfuges or "time-savers" so frequently resorted to instead of a mixed meal which the stomach is prepared to receive, is exceedingly harmful in the end. Coffee markedly aggravates acid-stomach.

If near a normal mealtime one merely thinks of some attractive viand, there occurs, through certain sympathetic nerves, stimulation of glands secreting digestive juices. This is called *psychic stimulation;* and it is greatly augmented by sight, smell, and especially taste of attractively prepared food. Such outpouring of secretion, particularly into the stomach, is a definite and important step in preparing for reception of food.

PSYCHIC stimulation of digestive glands is a strong reason why it is bad health practice to take candy or other confection knick knacks at any time except within an hour or so following a meal. Since these foods are usually composed almost entirely of sugars and starch, they do not use up or absorb the acid and pepsin which their taste caused to be poured into the stomach during its normal resting time. Thus a condition of acid-stomach is developed. Such excess acidity may be properly neutralized through regurgitation of alkalin bile from the upper intestine. Where neutralization fails to take place, and where the practice of taking such materials during the rest period of digestion is persisted in, hyperacidity may become a source of considerable annoyance and discomfort, to say nothing of its end results in favoring actual disease. Candy taken shortly before a mealtime tends to dissipate the appetite for food.

That psychic influences are of great importance to normal digestion is readily apparent from the fact that, where appetite for food is destroyed by any untoward influence, digestion of such victuals as may be forced down is also below normal. This seems to have been somewhat understood by medieval lords who maintained the traditional dining room clown to furnish amusement and laughter with their meals. The same approval can scarcely be extended to cover the too common practice of a modern business executive who lunches at his desk among all his anxieties, or who meets at a nearby lunchroom with several other captains of industry for the purpose of adjusting mutual problems and difficulties.

Proteids only are acted upon in the stomach, starches and fats being merely altered so that both become more or less semi-liquid in consistency. Through the agency of pepsin and hydrochloric acid, complex proteids are broken down into simpler ones called *peptones*.

As the partly digested stomach contents are prepared for passage on into the intestine, a little is admitted through the *pyloric valve* with the arrival of each contraction or peristaltic wave from the opposite end of the stomach.

[*Continued on page 556*]

Facing Life

By DR. ADAM S. BENNION

VI

What Would You Choose To Do?

BEFORE me lie more than thirty letters, the burden of all of which is essentially the same. Let me pick one of them up at random:

"I wish you could tell me what I ought to do. I've been worrying about that for nearly eight years now and I don't seem to get a bit nearer the answer."

Listen to another:

"I have been teaching school now for six years, but I really don't seem to be cut out to be a school teacher. Do you think I ought to go on feeling like that?"

Or:

"Sometimes I get awfully discouraged trying to get ahead here on the farm. I believe I'd like salesmanship, but I don't know whether I could succeed at it or not."

And so they run. The refrain of all of them is echoed in these three. A sort of vague yearning of the soul speaks out in all of them. Do you notice how indefinite they are? Uncertainty fairly makes faces in between the lines.

"To be or Not to be" isn't restricted to a Hamletian pondering of the final issue of life. The meditation is real—as real as it is perplexing. To think of waking each morning through forty years to a task which carries no urge to the spirit—there's nightmare in the thought.

OF course, no one off hand could advise these three writers just what they ought to do. He would need to know what kind of Worrying and Teaching and Farming they have been doing—what their mentality is—what their limitations are—what real interests they have. Even then the decision rests with them. *Personal choice* is the very *essence* of *being*. Free agency is one of the Divine Rights of man. In the last analysis he must be his own judge.

Choosing may be a perplexing task, but it is a blessed privilege.

There have been creatures of bondage, both of the body and of the mind, but fortunately America, together with many other lands, is committed to a program of freedom. Men may now aspire to the fondest dreams of their imaginations. Neither caste nor circumstance need hinder the ambitious soul.

But making up one's mind is more or less a painful process. Not only does natural intellectual inertia have to be overcome—and human laziness is no small consideration—but choice always involves a certain "either-orness." If I take here, I must give up there. Men still would eat their pie and have it. It is likely, that if circumstances didn't force us to a decision, many of us would flirt still more with "Shall I—Shall I Not?" Of course we all appreciate the fact that circumstance is after all the major factor in many of our deliberations. *We just have to decide.* All too frequently such a process results in a sort of blind choice.

After reading such an introduction you have a perfect right to ask:

"Well, admitting all you say, how would you advise us to proceed? We are just as anxious to make a wise choice as you can be to have us."

That's fair enough! Let's turn to:

I.

FIRST of all, *we can think the problem through in the light of all available facts.*

A recent magazine article makes these significant observations:

1. 5,000,000 boys of ages 14-20 are gainfully employed; 3,000,000 more on part time.
2. They work chiefly at agriculture, manufacturing, clerical jobs, etc.
3. Three out of four are misfits in their jobs. Only 4% are engaged in what they hoped to follow.
4. They do not stay long at one job—40% stay three months or less.
5. About 80% contribute to family support; 40% are definitely saving no money for later years.

It must be evident that many boys go to work out of necessity before they really have had time enough either to study out a selection or to make ready for it. The first fact to be aware of fully then

is that if you now can address yourself to the thought of a choice it is really vital that you should do so lest you be caught in the net of circumstance.

On the heels of that thought you will naturally ask:

"What Fields Are Open?"

THE last census indicates that there are 20,000 occupations available in the United States. They are grouped roughly under the following major classifications:

1. Industries and manufactures
2. Agriculture
3. Home Economics
4. The Professions
5. Clerical Occupations
6. Nautical Trades
7. Mining
8. Transportation
9. Personal Service
10. Public Service
11. Aeronautics

A brief article like this can but point out leads for your thinking. You will have to reach out beyond the limits of your local community and your present preparation if you would appreciate what opportunities may be available for you.

Let us look for a minute into Group I, Industries. Suppose you are interested in the Electrical Subdivision. You may aspire to a position as:

President and General Manager
Vice President and Commercial Manager
  Asst. to Commercial Manager
  Supt. Lighting and Appliance Sales
    Supt. Refrigeration Sales
    Supt. Range Sales
    Supt. Lighting Sales
  Supt. of Power Sales
  Advertising Manager
    Asst. to Advertising Manager.
Chief Engineer
  Asst. to Chief Engineer
  Gen. Supt. of Distribution
  Asst. Distribution Engr.
  Asst. Electrical Engr.
  Asst. Engineer
  Chief Draftsman
Attorney
  Asst. Attorney
  Land Agent
  Right-of-Way Agent
  Claims Attorney
Vice Pres. and Secretary
Treasurer and Asst. Secretary
  Asst. Treasurer
  Auditor
  Chief Traveling Auditor
  Asst. Traveling Auditor
  Chief Clerk
  Chief Clerk—Preferred Stock
  Accountants
  Insurance Man
Director of Personnel
  Safety Director
Purchasing Agent
  Chief Clerk
One of several—
  Secretaries
  Stenographers
  Clerks
  Tellers
  Draftsmen
Supt. of Power
  Asst. to Supt. of Power
  Chief Dispatcher
  Supt. of Maintenance
  Traveling Maintenance Engineer
  Traveling Flume Foreman
  Plant Superintendent
  Chief Clerk
  Supt. of Waterway
  Line Foreman
  Maintenance Man
One of several—
  First operators
  Second operators
  Third operators
  Relief operators
  Foremen
  Patrolmen
  Groundmen
  Flume Foremen
  Waterway Attendants
  Dispatchers
  Timekeeper
  Stenographers
  Clerks
  Telephone operators
Division Manager
  Chief Clerk
    Credit Man
    Application Clerk
    Chief Clerk—Billing Dept.
    Storekeeper
  Sales Superintendent
    Supervisors
    Salesmen
    Illuminating Engineer
    Lighting Specialists
  Division Superintendent
  Asst. to Division Supt.
    Chief Clerk
    Foreman, Estimating Dept.
    Foreman, Meter Dept.
    Foreman, Street Lighting Dept.
    Foreman, Service Dept.
    Foreman, Line Dept.
  Supt. Steam Heat Plant
One of several—
  Clerks
  Tellers
  Stenographers
  Meter Readers
  Time Keepers
  Estimators
  Draftsmen
  Meter Installers
  Meter Testers
  Troublemen
  Linemen
  Repairmen
  Servicemen
  Shopmen

  Steam Fitters
  Boiler Makers
  Firemen

IF you would really like to look into this field further try turning to the following helpful publications:

*Brewster, E. T., Vocational Guidance for the Professions, Rand McNally & Co.

Kandel, I. L., Federal Aid for Vocational Education, Carnegie Foundation Bulletin No. 10.

Lapp, J. A., Learning to Earn, Bobbs, Merrill Company.

Lee, E. A., Objectives and Problems of Vocational Education, McGraw-Hill.

Robison, Emily, Vocational Education and Guidance of Youth, H. W. Wilson Co.

Taylor, J. S., A Handbook of Vocational Education, Macmillan.

*Bloomfield, Meyer, Readings in Vocational Education, Ginn & Co.

Davis, J. B., Vocational and Moral Guidance, Ginn & Co.

Dodge, H. H., Survey of Occupations Open to the Girl of 14-16, Girls Trade Education League.

Hoerle, H. C., The Girl and the Job, H. Holt & Company.

Fryer, Douglas, Vocational Self-Guidance; Planning Your Life Work, J. B. Lippincott Co.

Proctor, W. M., Vocations; The World's Work and Its Workers. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Handbook of Labor Statistics—U. S. Department of Labor.

II.

THE second major suggestion is that instead of worrying about a decision you really *analyze your interests.* Surely you have natural predispositions. What do you find your keenest satisfactions in? What do you enjoy doing when you don't have to do it? What do you hurry to when you are through with routine work?

What do you do that you really hate to quit? Nobody will blueprint your life's work for you. No one can enter into the secret workings of your mind to find your answer. Within yourself you must find the key to interest and the confidence to turn the key. Most locks will yield to a *persistent turning of the right key.* And only you can tell the feel of that key.

III.

A THIRD helpful procedure lies in contacting workers in pursuits which seem to appeal to you. If, for example, Dentistry catches your interest, take pains to cultivate an outstanding dentist. That word *pains* wasn't inserted with

[*Continued on page 558*]

The Book of Mormon in the Light of Recent Jewish Archaeological Research

By J. R. SMITH

Author of "The Message of the New Testament"

"DID the Jews Discover America?" is the title of a recent article which appeared in the November issue of the *Jewish National Magazine.* The article was written by Dr. Isadore Lhevinne, a Jewish archæologist, who is doing research work in Mexico. He answers the question affirmatively. Such a claim may come as a surprise to many. Of course it has been thought very probable that seafaring Norsement came to the shores of America during the very early centuries, yet we have generally felt that the honor of discovering this continent should go to Columbus. Now a new claimant enters the field. It is no other than the Jew.

Ever since 1830 when Joseph Smith published the Book of Mormon, the Latter-day Saints have championed the idea that the Americas were settled long before the beginning of the Christian era by Israelites. Some six hundred years before Christ, according to the Book of Mormon, Lehi, a prophet who dwelt in Jerusalem, was warned to take his family and flee, for destruction awaited that city.

"For it came to pass in the commencement of the first year of the reign of Zedekiah (see II Kings 24:7-20), King of Judah, (my father Lehi, having dwelt at Jerusalem all his days;) and in that same year there came many prophets, prophesying unto the people that they must repent, or the great city of Jerusalem must be destroyed." (I Nephi 1:4)

"Therefore, I would that ye should know, that after the Lord had shown so many marvelous things unto my father, Lehi, yea, concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, behold he went among the people, and began to prophesy and to declare unto them concerning the things which he had both seen and heard." (I Nephi 1:18.)

"And when the Jews heard these things, they were angry with him: yea, even as with the prophets of old, whom they had cast out, and stoned, and slain; and they also sought his life, that they might take it away." (I Nephi 1:20.)

"And it came to pass that the Lord commanded my father, even in a dream, that he should take his family and depart into the wilderness." (I Nephi 2:2.)

"And it came to pass that he departed into the wilderness. * * *" (I Nephi 2:4.)

IT was necessary that other people should go with Lehi and his family in order that his sons should find wives and his daughters husbands.

"And it came to pass that the Lord did soften the heart of Ishmael, and also his household (consisting of at least five daughters and two sons) insomuch that they took their journey with us down into the wilderness to the tents of our father." (I Nephi 7:5.)

"And it came to pass that the voice of the Lord came unto my father that we should arise and go down into the ship."

"And it came to pass that on the morrow, after we had prepared all things, much fruit and meat from the wilderness, and honey in abundance, and provisions according to that which the Lord had commanded us, we did go down into the ship, with all our loading and our seeds, and whatsoever thing we had brought with us, every one according to his age, wherefore, we did all go down into the ship, with our wives and our children.

"And it came to pass after we had gone down into the ship, and had taken with us our provisions and things which had been commanded us, we did put forth into the sea, and were driven forth before the wind towards the promised land." (I Nephi 18:5-8.)

"And it came to pass that after we had sailed for the space of many days, we did arrive at the promised land; and we went forth upon the land and did pitch our tents; and we did call it the promised land." (I Nephi 18:23.)

IN his "New Witness for God," B. H .Roberts remarks, "From the Book of Mormon and from the words of the Lord to the Prophet Joseph Smith it is learned that Lehi's colony traveled from Jerusalem, nearly a southeast direction, until they came to the nineteenth degree north latitude; thence nearly east to the sea of Arabia. Here the colony built a ship in which to cross the great waters, which separated them from the land of promise. They sailed in a southeasterly direction, and

landed on the continent of South America, in about the thirtieth degree south latitude." (pp. 157-158.)

Again in discussing Mulek's colony Elder Roberts says, "But among the king's (Zedekiah's) friends who escaped were a number who carried with them one of Zedekiah's sons, named Mulek; and according to the Book of Mormon this company 'journeyed in the wilderness and were brought by the hand of the Lord across the great waters' into the western hemisphere. It is learned by an incidental remark in the Book of Mormon that the colony of Mulek landed somewhere in the north continent of the western hemisphere. * * * But it is quite evident that they landed in the north continent of the western world, most likely in the southern part of that continent, say in the region of what is known in modern times as Central America." ("New Witness for God," p. 164.)

In recording the history of the people of Lehi who probably landed somewhere on the west coast of Chili, Nephi says, "Yea, I make record in the language of my father, which consists of the learning of the Jews and the language of the Egyptians." (I Nephi 1:2.)

It is clear ,therefore, that the Book of Mormon demands an Israelitish origin for the second race which inhabited America, the ancient progenitors of the American Indian. The material which now comes to us through the article of Dr. Isadore Lhevinne, "Did the Jews Discover America," is most interesting and highly corroborative of the claims made by the Book of Mormon, a sacred record of this people and translated by the Prophet Joseph Smith from the gold plates which were delivered to him by the Angel Moroni, the last of the Nephite race.

NOW let us briefly consider Dr. Isadore Lhevinne's interesting article. In his discussion he calls attention to the fact that Israel for many centuries before the coming of Christ had been a persecuted people. Also very early in their history his people became both a commercial and a seafaring race. Under the influences of these three factors the Jews were scattered and forced to emigrate throughout the world.

"In 875 A. D. Soliman of Andaluzia found strong Jewish communities in all the large cities of China." The great Marco Polo mentioned the fact that Jews were numerous and commercially powerful in his time, and that some lived in Cambuluc (Peking) in 1286. Professor Godbey says, "The immemorial trade routes have much to do with the presence of Judaism in Turkestan, China, Mongolia, and India." There is no longer any question of the wide distribution of Jews in Europe, Africa, and Asia in very early times. But how about the settlement of America by the Jews? We have seen that the Book of Mormon claims that Jews under the leadership of Lehi came to America about six hundred years before Christ. Now Dr. Isadore Lhevinne brings some interesting facts from the field of archæology to support the claim of the Latter-day Saints.

"The Jewish archæologists," says Dr. Lhevinne, "are now turning to Mexico where for the past three years important excavations yielded sufficient material to rest the theory of pre-Columbus Jewish settlers in the New World with more than plausibility." He further calls attention to the fact that thirty years ago the priest Plancarte and Dr. Nicolas Leon advanced the view, "that the Jews on more than one occasion had reached Mexican shores along the Pacific, hundreds of years before Columbus."

IN the days of Montezuma and Cortez the palace and the temple at Mitla, in the State of Oaxaca, were already in a state of ruin.

These afford mute evidences of a civilization preceding the Indians. In commenting on these ruins Dr. Lhevinne says, "I must say, however, that I have examined the ruins at Mitla. The ornaments and frescoes especially were of a distinct Egyptian character."

This is an interesting comment in the light of what Nephi said in I Nephi 1:2, where he declared that he recorded their history in the language of his father which consisted " in the learning of the Jews and the language of the Egyptians." A similar statement is found in the Book of Mosiah, chapter 1:4. Mosiah lived in the days when his people had migrated northward into the land of Zarahemla, a district which we think was located in the northern part of South America.

> "For it were not possible that our father, Lehi, could have remembered all these things, to have taught them to his children, except it were for the help of these plates: for he having been taught the language of the Egyptians, therefore he could read these engravings, and teach them to his children, that thereby they could teach them to their own children, and so fulfilling the commandments of God even down to this present time." (Mos. 1:4.)

It thus appears that their language and their writings from generation to generation were founded basically upon the Egyptian language. We should expect, therefore, that their records carved in the great stones of their temples would be Egyptian in character. Thus Dr. Lhevinne's statement that the records carved on the ruins of Mitla were "of a distinct Egyptian character" is highly corroborative evidence of the truthfulness of the records found in the Book of Mormon.

THE most important recent discovery bearing upon the idea that America was settled by the Jews in very early times, has come from Guerrero bordering the Pacific Ocean. "In 1927," quoting Dr. Lhevinne, "in the pueblo of Ometpec, not far from the coast, one of the natives while tilling the ground hit upon, a veritable archeological trove, among the objects being the famous 'vaso-udio,' arms, and ritual objects of a nature totally alien to those used by the aborigines. The vase baptized 'vaso-judio' (Jew-Vase) is

[*Continued on page 559*]

Inevitable Progress

By

LES GOATES

LEVI MYERS
Utah Aggies, holds the state and conference record in the 440-yard dash, set at 47 4/5 seconds. This is only two-fifths of a second under world's record time.

A hero worshipping populace cheers the creator of a new athletic record, but there are always those devoted enthusiasts of another year who look on as long established track and field performances are blotted out and experience more than a tinge of regret.

All life progresses. So does athletic achievement. Still, to the old timer a few years of sports competition constitute a generation as he remembers the grand old athletes who did startling things in the past, recalls how valiantly they performed, experiences in part the thrills they provided for their myriads of admirers and glories in the mighty prestige they attained.

And so many cheer the new champion yet feel regret that they must bow to the inevitable.

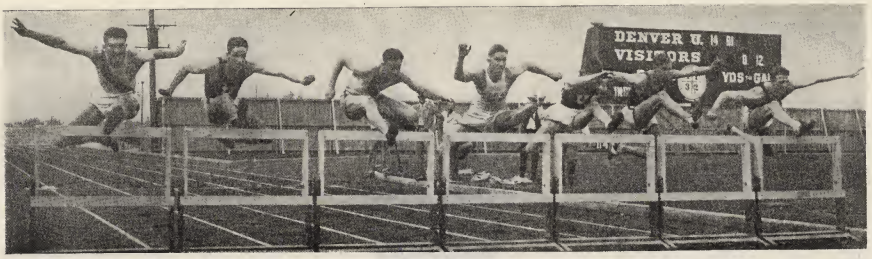
THIS constant progress is demonstrated most aptly by the performances of Utah's intercollegiate track and field athletes. If it were possible to assemble the outstanding stars in all the track and field events participated in by the boys of the Beehive State for the past thirty years, not more than three or four of the old timers would rate first choice in their respective specialities. It would require at least nineteen men to round out this all-time, all-star track team. The percentage is not very great.

CARL BELLISTON
of Utah Aggies, joint record holder in the pole vault. His best official vault is 12 feet 8¼ inches. He has done 13 feet in practice.

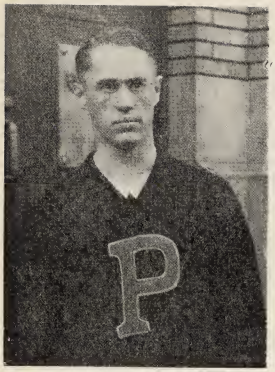
Creed Haymond, Utah's great sprinter of a decade ago, and Clinton Larson and Alma Richards, Brigham Young University high jumpers who preceded Haymond into Utah's hall of athletic fame, could scarcely be left off a representative collection of trackmen from this skyline region. Even at that Byron Grant, the University of Utah hurdler and broad jumper, holds the state record in the running high jump and should be entitled to a place in this event. In national competition, however, Richards and Larson were the absolute ultimate in their time and therefore cannot conscientiously be denied.

Dave Pearce of Brigham Young University and Nathan Long of Utah have the best record in the 100-yard dash. They are joint holders of an official state intercollegiate mark of 9 4/5 seconds.

Haymond, unchallenged master



UTAH HURDLERS
proved superior at the Rocky Mountain conference when William Mordock, (fifth from left), Buck Grant (second from left) and Frank Fishburn (second from right) all scored in the low obstacle race. Mordock won the race, setting a new R. M. C. record.



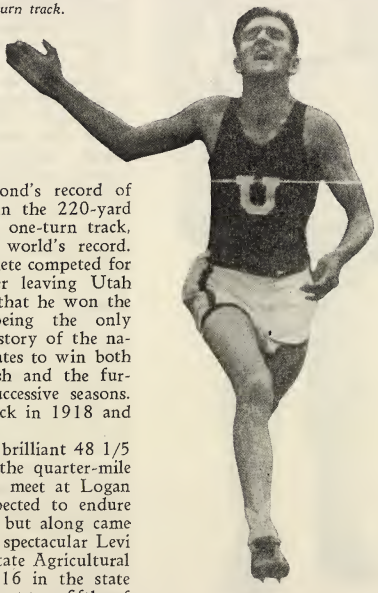
CREED HAYMOND
of Utah and Pennsylvania holds Rocky Mountain conference record in the 220-yard dash and also world's record for this distance on one-turn track.

of the furlong in his day, is rated by all track and field critics as the premier 220-yard intercollegiate runner of all time. Haymond's record of 21 1/5 seconds in the 220-yard event, made on a one-turn track, still stands as a world's record. This brilliant athlete competed for Pennsylvania after leaving Utah and it was there that he won the distinction of being the only sprinter in the history of the national intercollegiates to win both the 100-yard dash and the furlong events in successive seasons. He turned the trick in 1918 and 1919.

Nathan Long's brilliant 48 1/5 seconds mark in the quarter-mile made in the state meet at Logan in 1929 was expected to endure for many seasons but along came the persistent and spectacular Levi Myers of Utah State Agricultural College on May 16 in the state meet at Provo and cut two-fifths of a second from Long's record. The Aggie phenom, in doing 47 4/5 seconds for this gruelling race, will probably be the pace setter for quarter-milers for many years to come. But did they not say that of all the other record makers?

TWO sterling runners have attained the pinnacle of success as half-milers in the Beehive State, and here again it is obligatory to select Mr. Myers. The running mate to the Aggie star in this event is Jack Squires of Utah who was clocked in one minute and 55 2/5 seconds at Logan in 1930. This is the official state record. Myers won the race in the state meet this year at one minute and 59 seconds. This is not his best performance, however. In a meet between the American all-star team and the British tracksters in 1930 at Chicago, Myers ran the 880-yard grind in one minute, 53 1/5 seconds. He was the sensation of the day.

Melvin Burke, former Utah State Agricultural College harrier, is undoubtedly the most talented miler Utah has ever developed. His mark of four minutes, 19 seconds



NATE LONG
of Utah, noses out Levi Myers of Aggies in quarter-mile dash at Rocky Mountain conference meet. Wooten of Utah is third.

made in the national intercollegiates in 1928, is the fastest ever recorded by a Utahn in this event. Burke has been clocked unofficially at 4 minutes, 15 seconds. If a track coach desired to enter two milers from the galaxy of Utah intercollegiate stars, the second choice would go to Squires who holds the official state record at 4 minutes, 21 1/5 seconds, made in 1930.

Virgil Norton, another protege of Coach E. Lowell Romney of Utah State College, stands out as the ace of all the two milers. His mark of nine minutes, 50 1/5 seconds in the eight-lap test compares favorably with records now standing in other sections of the country. Norton was a consistent and colorful performer, a runner who trained faithfully and lived cleanly to overcome what many critics observed as a deficiency in innate ability.

ONLY this year a new low hurdle star has bobbed up to nullify the once super-fine performance of Owen Rowe of Brigham Young University. The newcomer is William Mordock of Utah who skipped over the low barriers in the fast time of 23 3/5 seconds to beat a mark established by Owen Rowe at 24 2/5 seconds in 1929. Byron Grant stands out as one of America's foremost high hurdlers this year. His 14.7 obstacle race mark is two-tenths of a second faster than the Rocky Mountain conference record which Gordon Allot of Colorado University established in 1927. Very few high hurdlers have approached this time in the regional meets this spring.

Arguments undoubtedly will ensue when the fans of other years

CLINTON LARSON
former national intercollegiate champion in the broad jump.

and the present-day critics cast their eyes over the names of outstanding Utah runners in the relay events. A team might possibly be recruited at this time that could beat a four made up of Haymond of Utah; Rowe of Brigham Young and Peterson and Myers of Utah Aggies. Perhaps some observers would place Long of Utah in place of Hugh Peterson. Both were marvelous 220-yard sprinters. In the mile relay, each participant running a 440-yard stretch, it would be quite impossible to beat a quartet comprised of Haymond, Burton, Romney of Utah and Corless of Brigham Young. Since Long shattered Burton's quarter-mile record, it would not be amiss to select the little flash from Wasatch Academy ahead of the veteran who now coaches Utah Aggie teams.

THE outstanding high jump performances made by Utah athletes are credited to Alma Richards of Brigham Young University, who won this event in the Olympic games in 1912. Richards was a champion for Cornell in 1911 and 1912, and in 1915 won the decathlon at the national A. A. U. meet in San Francisco. He is the only Utah track star to place on a United States Olympic team.

Clinton Larson, who like Richards was a protege of Coach Eugene L. Roberts of Brigham Young University, was national intercollegiate champion in 1917. He won the event at the Penn relays that year with a leap of six feet 7 7/8 inches. The colorful athlete from Dixie won the high jump in the inter-allied games in Paris after the war.

With all of these remarkable national performances to their credit, Richards and Larson must give way to Byron Grant of Utah as state record holder. Grant set a new Beehive State mark at 6 feet, 2 3/8 inches this season. It is believed that Grant has great possibilities as a national champion since he has only been engaged in track work three years with no preparatory school experience whatever.

William Snow Cox of Utah holds the distinction of putting the shot farther than any other Utah athlete. The one-time Ogden high star pushed the cannon ball 44 feet 6 3/4 inches in the state intercollegiate meet in 1928.

THE powerful Mark Reeve of Brigham Young University would have to be selected for two events on any all-time, all-star

ALMA RICHARDS
only Utah track man to make United States Olympic team.

track team made up strictly of Utahns. Reeve has both records in the discus and hammer throw and strangely enough they are within a few inches of each other. The hammer record is 148 feet, 2 inches and the discus mark is 143 feet, 5 inches. Both were established in 1930.

Doral Pilling of Utah, winner of the national intercollegiates in 1928, has never been threatened in the race for superiority among the javelin throwers. Pilling has negotiated over 200 feet as a member of the Canadian Olympic team. His Utah record is 196 feet, 7 inches.

Belliston of Utah Aggies and Staples of Brigham Young are joint monarchs in pole vaulting. Their state record is 12 feet 8 1/4 inches.

In the remaining event, the broad jump, honors are held by Myles Bowen of Utah Aggies.

RECORDS established by these Utah boys, compare favorably with those of other sections of the country which is quite remarkable in view of superior climatic conditions on the west seaboard and in the south.

However, in a comparison of present-day stars with the heroes of the past, it should be borne in mind that especially constructed tracks, starting blocks, modern training methods and a strict specialization in certain events, give the modern star a big advantage.

By way of comparison with the performances of today, a set of state intercollegiate records as they stood in May, 1906, is offered herewith:

100-yard dash—Horace Whitney, Utah, at Salt Lake, May 21, 1904, 10 seconds flat. (Sam Brinton made the distance in 9 4/5, May 11, 1907)

220-yard dash—Horace Whitney, Utah, at Salt Lake, May 21, 1904, 22 seconds flat.

440-yard dash—Val Rideout, Utah, at Salt Lake, May 28, 1903, 52 2/3 seconds.

880-yard run—Jack Hume, Utah at Provo, April 23, 1905, 2:04.3.

Mile run—Taylor, University of Nevada at Salt Lake, May 12, 1902, 4:46.3.

120-yard high hurdles—Ben Roberts, Utah, at Salt Lake City, May 20, 1930. 17 seconds flat.

220-yard low hurdles—Will Butler, Utah, at Provo, April 23, 1905. 26 4/5 seconds.

Shot put—Joseph Smith, Latter-day Saints college, May 21, 1904, 40 feet, 4 inches.

[*Continued on page 561*]

Have Miracles Ceased?

[The following letters explain themselves. The original one, addressed to the Salt Lake City Chamber of Commerce, was turned over to the Church Bureau of Information. Suitable literature was sent the inquiring lady, and subsequently missionaries visited the family. Editors].

Trinity, Ky.,
Jan. 10, 1931.

Salt Lake City,
Chamber of Commerce,

Gentlemen:

Without doubt this letter will amaze and perhaps amuse a number of level-headed business men. But as I am very much in earnest about this, and mean to reach a "Mormon" minister or teacher with this request, I am taking the only means within my power to do it.

As I never read or saw a "Mormon" magazine or newspaper, never met a "Mormon" minister or teacher in my life, I was at a loss how to proceed, until something suggested to my mind the sending of the enclosed letter to the Chamber of Commerce of your city.

Will you give this letter to a minister of the "Mormon" Church and believe me when I tell you this is no idle request. It concerns the spiritual welfare of at least eight persons. Do this and God will reward you.

Trinity, Ky.,
Jan. 10, 1931.

Minister of the Church of Latter-day Saints,
Salt Lake City, Utah,

Sir:

Having decided to write you, placing before you the entire circumstances leading to this letter, I am praying that you will grant my request, and aid me with your prayers.

My family consists of my husband, Harry Parker, age thirty years, a tenant farmer; six (6) children, ages from thirteen (13) years down to three (3) months; and myself, age thirty-three years.

We were reared in the state of Kentucky and have lived here most of our lives. I was a widow with three children when Mr. Parker and I were married, a year, nearly, after he left the army where he served three years—twenty-eight months of this time over-seas. My husband's captain was Moses F. Cowley a "Mormon"—some said, a preacher. Mr. Parker has often spoken of him as loved by his company to a man.

After our marriage we came to the country and rented a farm, as we felt that it was best for the children, and my husband loves farming.

I have always been a student of the Bible, have always regarded it as a God-given guide for his people. But I confess that the number of creeds and denominations have often had me "bluffed." My father was a Methodist, my mother a Baptist and they did not agree. I joined the Methodist church at ten years of age. Since then I have attended churches of every denomination and I have failed to find peace or the precious experience that close fellowship in the Church should bring. It seemed to me that Christ's temple would not be so divided as the Protestant churches are, into so many denominations.

My husband and I have often discussed this, and he had often asked, "Why our dissatisfaction?" We must be in *some* church on account of the children. But there was no answer, and we continued to read the Bible in search of truth, as Christ said, "Seek and ye shall find."

About two years ago Mr. Parker went with our landlord to look over a farm which Mr. Debell intended to buy. In looking over the house which had not been tenanted for some years, Mr. Parker came upon a small book, the backs and several chapters gone. The book was yellow with age and dirt, but he picked it up and brought it home to read. It was a "Mormon" book, written by a man named Cowley. The first name, we could not see, the book was in such bad condition.

Mr. Parker read the book, but as I was ill at the time I did not. He reminded me that the author of the book and his "little captain" had the same name, and said he was going to keep the book. "Maybe Captain Cowley wrote it," he said. He put the book *at the bottom of a trunk* with his army momentoes—and there it stayed until last night. I am sending you the first two or three pages from that little book.

This brings us to a time two weeks ago when one of my boys was stricken with "flu" and in that time my husband and all the children took it. One of them is still very ill. I, alone, was left to care for them.

Last Sunday night we had little hopes of our baby's life and I looked at my husband's stricken face and at my little one trying so hard to breathe and I found myself, in the face of death, perhaps a spiritual coward! I did not know how I would find my baby again on the other side. But there was still Christ and prayer and I prayed that night as I had never prayed before, for baby and for strength, courage—and light! Also for answers to the questions I had been asking for years.

Baby changed for better on Thursday, and Friday night we sat here talking and reading—I, the Bible and Mr. Parker was looking at my son's geography. He turned to a map of the U. S. and was naming the states over, when one of the children called for a drink of water. And this is what I have covered so many pages to make you understand. I know nothing of the "Mormon" faith but what I have read in that little book. I am not a "superstitious" woman. Never had occasion to be. But the Bible speaks of dreams and visions and this is a question I've often studied.

I got a glass of water and went to the bedroom, shutting the door behind me, so as to leave no draft on the little baby. I went to the bed and put the glass down on the trunk near me so I could raise the little boy up to drink. The trunk is beside the head of the bed. I was facing both and had lifted Junior up for his water when I became aware of a light opposite me. It was not a brilliant light. It was a "quiet" light, and it lit the trunk and bed and I could see the children's features very clearly. A second and it was gone, leaving us as before in total darkness! I was too astonished to move for an instant then I ran to the front door and looked out. Nothing there. Then to a bedroom door to the right. It was shut. And I was at a loss! There was but one lamp on the place, some one having broken the chimney to the only other one I have, during our sickness here, and my husband was reading by that lamp when I came to him a few moments later. I was half frightened and told him at once what I had seen. "What does it mean?" I cried! "Just an optical illusion," he said. "You've been losing too much sleep." But I did not feel right. Something seemed to be beating inside my brain, subconsciously trying to bring back a memory—a thought. I was so tired—have not slept more than six hours in two weeks they say. I sat down and relaxed, nearly half asleep as Harry read until something he said brought me awake and upright in my chair! "Plateau states—Utah. That's where the little captain was from. Captain Cowley," he said and closing my eyes an instant I saw again the quiet kindly light, only this time my mind's eye saw clear to the bottom of that trunk, just what I wanted! What, so help me, God, I believe was to help me in my hour of need!

Wildly I tore through the room, slamming the door, forgetting I had two very sick children to disturb. This time I forgot the lamp, but I knew my room, and what I was after. I tore things from the trunk until I came to a large shoe box. Removing the lid, my fingers sought and found what I wanted and I, usually a sane acting human, walked back to an amazed husband, within my hand the yellow, decrepit, little book he had brought home, read and put away because the name of the author happened to be that of his "little captain."

In my hand was the little book. In my heart a peace I had never known before and in my mind the words of Christ rang, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you. Seek and ye shall find." I read the book—what was left of it. And I am firmly convinced where I should seek for knowledge.

I am no nervous hysterical person, and I am usually called reserved. But I have not feared to pray for spiritual guidance and help and I rejoice that I have been shown the light and the way.

I want to become a member of the Church of Latter-day Saints. We want our sons and daughters brought up in the "Mormon" faith. To that end I mean to work and if your Church will kindly send me any literature that will aid me to teach my children at home, I will be more than grateful. I am unable to buy the books I need for I am far from any town where I could get them and I would have no money to buy them if it were otherwise.

So if there is any one who will contribute literature for this purpose I shall be so thankful. We live in the midst of the drought-stricken area and that, coupled with our bills connected with the children's illness, has about put even books out of the question. But we are planning to work and save every cent we can to come to Utah and place our children under "Mormon" teachers and in the Church of the Latter-day Saints. It will mean a hard road for us, but we believe we have been shown the way, and we want to get away from the unbelief that would be sown in their minds here. If the reader of this can grant my request for any literature I can use, I shall be truly thankful. Would appreciate any advice and the prayers of the Saints in my behalf.

May God bless you all is my prayer,

Yours in Christ,
Mrs. H. A. Parker.,
Trinity, Lewis Co., Ky.

This letter may be hardly clear, or readable but please pardon it as I am very tired and exhausted by caring for the little ones who are ill.

* * *

Improvement Era,
Salt Lake City, Utah,
Gentlemen:

Your letter under date of May 8, in which you asked for a brief report of our experience with the missionaries, was received.

On February 10 we were visited by President Lawrence W. Palmer of the East Kentucky district, and his companion, Elder Clyde W. Oakes.

On February 11, my eldest son and myself were baptized. I have another son old enough to be baptized, but he is away from home this school year. When he returns, Brother Parker and he will be baptized. The two youngest children were blessed by these elders.

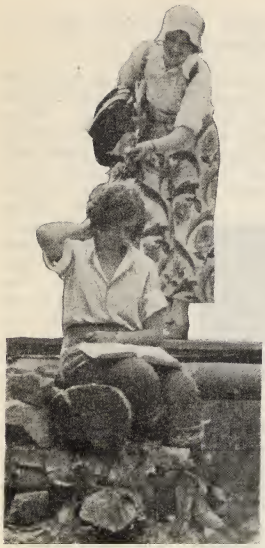
About the first week in March, we were visited by Elder Oakes and Elder Lawrence B. Jones; and two weeks ago, by Elder Walter Mayhew and Elder C. Wayne Reese.

[*Continued on page 532*]

Oh Yes, Miss!

By

HARRISON R. MERRILL



High boots and riding breeches

FOR about a quarter of a century I have been more or less closely connected with canyon parties in which the ladies were an important and an interesting element. My experience extends from the long ago when I was the sole masculine representative among seven Misses who went for an over-night trip up Cub River in Idaho, through many other excursions upon which I was either the chaperoned or the chaperon, to the recent sunshine hikes to Mt. Timpanogos and moonshine treks to Mother Luna's Nose. Upon all of these trips I have been interested, amused, astonished, and even shocked by my lady's costume.

At the present time, should a Miss come to me and ask, "Will these clothes do for the trip?" whether her costume is but one of the seven veils or the furs of an Eskimo, whether the trip is to the moon or to a more remote planet, I have made up my mind to respond, "Oh, yes, Miss."

Now that attitude of mind has come to me after long years of resistance. There was the time when I had definite ideas regarding what the girl should wear, but that is so no longer. The Misses have proved me to be wrong so frequently that I have entirely capitulated.

ON one occasion a Miss joined our party to hike to the summit of Timpanogos. She wore dancing pumps with high heels and shadow soles. I raved and stormed and told her that her mother should look after her better—much better. She merely smiled, produced a compact from somewhere, powdered her pearly nose, dabbed her rose-petal cheek, and replied, "I'll make it, all right."

The worst of it is, she did; and came sailing into camp at the conclusion of the hike so jubilant and enthusiastic—though she had lost a heel, and burned her neck—that I was much embarrassed. She, many varieties of her, has done the same thing so frequently since, that now I know that costume, after all, is but the blossom of a spirit that lies embedded somewhere inside.

The change in costume during my out-of-doors experience is exceedingly interesting. It has ranged from split skirts and full, arm-length gloves, up or down through many variations, to cretonne prints, corduroys, high-topped boots, and men's shirts. From chokers and belts and mutton-leg sleeves, to lounging pajamas.

Corduroys and Cretonnes

Above cool waters

LAST summer, the Misses' costumes reached a new mark in variety of material, styles, and colors. At the Alpine Summer School, of Brigham Young University, which is held each summer at Aspen Grove, 6,800 feet above sea-level, where nature, the campus, and even the faculty and students are pretty much "in the rough," Miss can give free expression to her personality so far as costume is concerned. She can wear anything that any female has ever worn and much that no female has ever dreamed of wearing from Mother Eve down to 1931, and can get by with it. She can appear skirted or skirtless; sleeved or sleeveless; belted or beltless, and still be in style.

Most of the costumes at the Alpine Summer School were sensible—or so they seemed to me. Some years ago, many of them would have been startling if not stunning—take either definition of stunning you like.

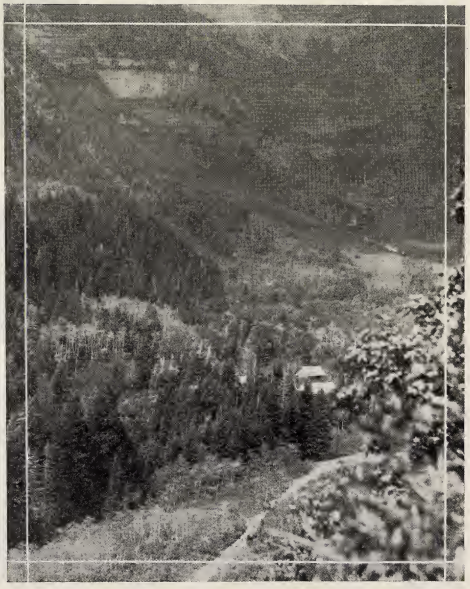
Fortunately, the mountains made no protest. Old Timpanogos doesn't seem to care whether a Miss is hiking in ballroom slippers or in hob nails. He remains unperturbed through it all. He arranges his cirques and waterfalls, forces up his columbines and paint brushes, waves his spruces and balsams just the same.

ON our hikes we had girls in lounging pajamas—I presume that is a correct name—in cretonnes that from a distance looked like the day after the battle of Gettysburg; riding trousers that might have been filched from any army camp; Levi's that reminded one of the Virginian; and corduroys and lumberjacks reminiscent of logging days. And shirts—men's khaki shirts, woolen shirts intended for a slender doughboy, silk shirts, pocketless and pocketed shirts, blouses, waists, and slip-over sweaters. Each *Miss* was a *hit* in individuality. She was an original being—there were no stereotypes.

IT was interesting to watch the changes from day to day. There was an eternal rotation. When Mary wore skirts, Iris was certain to have on cretonne; when Bess came out in high boots, Lucile apeared in pumps; when Florence donned her riding trousers, Margaret wore her regular dress—and thus it went day after day. Not once, according to my recollection, did we ever see anything on the campus that might be called "the style."

The Alpine Summer School will open once more in the middle of July right after the Twentieth Annual Timpanogos Hike which will be held July 17 and 18. Should any young lady come forward in the latest 1931 model, floor-length formal, or in hoop skirts or what-not, and ask, "Will this costume be in style on the mountain?" I'll answer as experience has taught me to do, "Oh, yes, Miss!" and I'll not be wrong.

Studious? I should say



Glimpse of Alpine Summer School

CLIMB the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop away from you like the leaves of Autumn.

—*John Muir.*

MOUNTAINS never shake hands. Their roots may touch; they may keep together some way up; but at length they part company, and rise into individual, insulated peaks. So is it with great men.—*J. C. and A. W. Hare: Guesses at Truth.*

Where shall We go this Summer?

By

ROSE WALLACE BENNETT

HOW delightful it is to know that the question, "where can we go this summer for a good time?" is so happily answered in the invitation extended to us in our own summer Camp Song.

Hi, Ho, there; summer is calling,
Hi Ho, there; come, come away,
The canyon breeze is blowing
'Neath skies of sapphire blue,
The summer camps are glowing
With crackling logs for you.
Hi, Ho, there; summer is calling,
Calling fair girls from the vale,
To rest in bowers of beauty
Where happiness is duty,
Oh, do not delay, come, come away.
—*Ruth May Fox.*

A Few of the Attractive Y. L. M. I. A. Summer Camps

THIS year of all years is the time to go to camp, when everybody is affected by the financial slump and many cherished vacation plans will be abandoned because the money cannot be had to realize them. Too bad! But let me tell you something to cheer you up a bit. You can all go to our M. I. A. Camps. The Summer Camp officers are longing to have you and are making extra preparations to give you a delightful vacation. The cost? It is only a fraction of what you would pay for any other vacation. The Logan Camp charge is only 75c per day. You have three good meals, and a fine bed; you take part in a lovely program of hiking, stunts, games, campfire, books, music, delightful rest, loads of fun and happy companionship, and you have a house mother to tell your troubles to. What more could you ask? But wait—there are lofty mountains, a crystal spring sending forth cool, sparkling, laughing water, the whole length of the camp grounds, secluded, shady nooks along its banks, where you can chat or read or dream. Swings are under the great trees—go and see for yourselves. I can't begin to tell you all its delights, and there are officers and recreation leaders to make you feel at home and to lead out in all camp doings.

THEN there is that lovely retreat in Big Cottonwood Canyon where Brigham Young and the Pioneers went to celebrate in song and story, games and dance in grateful worship, their safe arrival and continued safety in their mountain home, in Brighton at the very tops of the mountains—and perched at the mountain-side overlooking the whole valley, is the M. I. A. Camp—big enough to care for one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred girls at a time. In the house itself are four big cobblestone fire-places where big logs burn and radiate the true camp spirit, and big, airy sleeping quarters entice you to rest. A big dining-room speaks of jolly companionship. Smaller rooms offer books, music, quiet chats. Clear mountain water is piped in and provides cool drinks and refreshing showers after games and hikes; shady porches and easy chairs invite to relaxation. Out-of-doors many lakes nestle in the mountain tops. High peaks invite you to climb to their summits and see the sun-rise or the moon flood the world with white beauty, or to look into other valleys not visible from camp. Quiet streams meander gently between flower-screened banks. Waterfalls shout and laugh down mountain sides. Solitary paths wind through groves of quaking aspens and evergreens. Many-hued flowers nod glad welcome as you walk along. At night the starry heavens tell you many tales you could not hear elsewhere in the whole world.

There you may lie on the bosom of gentle Mother Earth

and she will tell you of many lovely things you have forgotten or perhaps never knew. Birds will sing divinely, the little wood folk will peep in and out at you, perhaps eat out of your hand. The murmur of the streams, the hum of the busy insects will lull you to peaceful rest. Life will be sweet, your heart will sing, God will be near, you will know joy past expression.

Hi! Ho! Come, come and see for yourselves.

THERE are many other delightful camps that offer their own peculiar attractions as well as many of these I have told you about—beautiful camps in Provo, American Fork, and Ogden canyons, at Puffer's Lake in Beaver where there is swimming; and boating on the blue, blue, Bear Lake that is like a big turquoise at the base of the hills in Bear Lake Valley.

IN the four Salt Lake City stakes this winter, for their handcraft the Bee-Hive Girls have pieced quilts—one, and, in several cases, two in each ward. There will be about fifty quilts for the summer camp. On some of the quilts the girls have put their Bee-Hive symbols and the results are beautiful.

The Gleaner Girls in these same stakes furnished one sheet from each ward and the Juniors in one stake asked if they might furnish a pair of pillow slips from each ward. The sheets and slips are for visitors and special guests of the camp, for the girls bring their own.

In the Summer Camp activities we see the blossoming of the winter work in M. I. A. Here it is that we can see in camp activities the fruits of the winter's effort.

Boating on Puffer's Lake near Beaver Camp

AND so let us think of ways and means of getting as many as possible to camp this summer. The men will gladly help with the problems of transportation, hauling provisions, preparing camp, etc. Invoke the spirit of Pioneer days; let each one help her neighbor and everyone do all she can—the thing she can best do is to bridge over these times of stress and strain so that as of old all may have joy and pleasure in peace and safety.

Take your fathers and mothers to camp and hear the thrilling stories around the camp fire that they have no opportunity to tell at home. Thus you will give greater joy and have greater joy than you have dreamed of.

Summer camps make the M. I. A. year a complete whole.

An Attractive Summer Camp

Have Miracles Ceased?

[*Continued from page 528*]

Your letter states that my experience has been rather remarkable, but during the visit of Elders Mayhew and Reese we had another unique experience. I had with me a young friend who had twin babies about two years of age. One of these children became suddenly ill about ten o'clock in the morning. Its symptoms were like those of pneumonia, but were still unusual enough to puzzle me, and I call myself an experienced hand with babies. By three o'clock she had a high fever, and as there was no one to go for a doctor, you may be sure I was glad to see the elders walk in. They administered to the child, and within an hour the baby was fast asleep, with not a trace of fever. She slept well, and next morning was her bright little self again.

The mother is going to be baptized when the other members of my family are baptized. The incident, I think, speaks for itself. We have found the elders a splendid group of young men, well fitted for the great work they are doing.

If my first letter can be of some use, I am thankful. The $17.50, which you spoke of, shall be put with my son's "missionary fund." Max looks forward to the time when he can go on a mission, and this is the only way I would use the money. However, he wants a year's subscription to the *Era* taken from this. We love to read it and it helps with our study.

Thanking you for your kind letter, I am

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. Harry Parker.

A Theatre In The Desert

By
HARVEY L. TAYLOR

JOAN AT PRAYER

IN far distant Southern Arizona in the land of a forgotten people, stands Red Knolls, a veritable fortress, rising silent and majestic out of the desert. Here lofty spires are the first to be decorated by the rising sun, and the last to receive a baptismal benediction of radiant color as the distant western hills fold this early morning artist to its twilight rest.

In the heart of these hills time and the elements have masterfully carved a gigantic amphitheater. In this age-old place there is a natural cathedral-like impression in the towering cliffs that surround it on three sides. Wind and rain have carved rock faces with striking semblance of rich old tapestry.

To one who knows how to read the signs, the place is rich in lore—once the meeting place of the redman's tribal council; later a battle-ground for warring peoples, and always a look-out point for approaching enemies from the plains below. Then the white man came. He forced his aboriginal brother into rendezvous more distant and remote. No more the wild chants of the redman to make weird and fearful the night time; but instead, came droves of cattle fresh from the range, jostling and bellowing as their herders forced them to huddle into the amphitheater awaiting the branding iron.

Another half-century passed. The range has become the scene of happy homesteads and blossoming fields. The cattle now graze on the uplands, they, like the tribal man, being assigned to the reservation. So for many years the Red Knolls stood alone and forsaken—a deserted theater on the plains, where dramas had been lived and lived again. But as old songs and old poetry are revived and made more lovely because of their ripening sleep—so Red Knolls have stirred again to bring forth a rich new poetry of life portrayed in song, dance and lyric.

JOAN OF ARC

FOUR years ago this age-old place was visited by a group of spring frolickers from the Gila Junior College. Members of the group caught the vision of the place as a setting for great religious pageants. Several songs were sung, and lo, the acoustics were found to be nearly perfect. Two-hundred, three-hundred, seven-hundred feet from the great natural stage the normal speaking and singing voice could be heard without any effort on the part of the performer or the listener. This was in the spring of 1928, but to use the place for which nature had so admirably prepared seemed almost impossible. It was fifteen miles from the College; three miles from the highway; no road; ten miles from electricity; two miles from water; no seating arrangement and a skeptical public. But there were those who believed it could be done.

This great rendezvous of the desert is now christened "The Desert Theater." It is made accessible to the main highway by a well-graded and graveled boulevard built by labor donated by the College and the county and citizens living in

the vicinity. On April 23 of this year the fourth annual Red Knolls pageant was presented. During the past three years an average of two-thousand people have seen each performance.

JOAN OF ARC was early chosen for 1931. Because of the unusual setting for this beautiful story—no regularly prepared copy could be used. After six months of study and research through French history, novels and old plays, the manuscript, after having been retouched by the imagination of the compilers themselves, was finally declared complete. The pageant consisted of eight picturesque scenes, beginning with the pastoral setting in the peasant village of Domremy of Lorraine, the home of Joan of Arc. Then to the palace of the dauphine, Charles; on to the capture of Joan by the English followed by the famous trial scene; then to Joan's prison cell and lastly the scene of the burning.

Two hundred and fifty persons composed the cast; this included every student in the Gila Junior College, as well as fifty from local high schools. All members of the college faculty served on committees. Since it was the aim of the College to make it possible for many young people to take part, one local high school furnished all dance numbers; another all orchestration. All

Red Knolls

RUTH MAY FOX

WITHOUT the sound of a hammer or the touch of human hands
A veritable fortress in Arizona stands;
It overlooks the desert where mesquite and cactus grow,
Where the Indian and the coyote long wandered to and fro.

It forms a semicircle with terraces and wings
With parapets and portholes through which the wild wind sings;
Its halls are vast and gloomy suggesting treacherous schemes,
Dark plots and ancient orgies in which the scalpel gleams.

Who planned this massive structure or its foundations laid?
What its mysterious purpose? On these all tongues are staid;
No Indian tells the story, no white man seems to know
So fancy must run riot and read the Long-ago.

Perhaps some dreadful chieftain here called his braves around
With awful oaths and threatenings their wills to his were bound,
To massacre and plunder with tomahawk and bow,
Nor spare the young and helpless; the alien tribe must go.

And perhaps some captive maiden languished here in tears and pain
While her frantic lover sought her but alas he sought in vain,
Through days and weeks of torture denied the light of day,
'Mid snakes and crawling reptiles she moaned her life away.

Some think the place is haunted by a supernatural power,
For often in the darkness of the mystic midnight hour
Weird moaning sounds are mingled with the sighing of the wind
Which reverberates and echoes until the fertile mind
Can hear again the maiden calling, calling through her tears
And see the brave young lover grow old with gruesome fears.

RED KNOLLS

choruses were trained by the College. In order to have music entirely sympathetic with the mood of each scene, it was necessary to arrange each number especially. All this work was done by the College Music Department. The spoken drama forms the major part of the pageant with twenty-one speaking parts in all. Just after Christmas vacation the cast for the pageant was chosen, all speaking parts being won by competition. Thirty-seven girls tried for the part of Joan. A correspondingly large number tried for each of the remaining parts. At the preliminary tryouts, five girls were selected; these were given ten days to study and prepare for the finals. When the cast was complete, a study of French history was begun—this was to give all actors a thorough knowledge of what they were to portray. For eight weeks rehearsals were built around the principal characters; during the last weeks the great ensemble scenes were put together and the various tempos, moods and fine sequences were emphasized.

SCENE IN "JOAN OF ARC"

THE stage in the Desert Theater is most unique. It is so perfectly built by nature that no other scenery is necessary. The top stage is seventy-five feet long and fifty feet deep. Ten feet below this is the main stage, one-hundred feet long and seventy-five feet deep. Extending up from these two levels are rugged steps cut in the mountain side. At the top of these steps on either side are great caves which extend upward one-hundred feet and are open at the top. Here one-hundred actors can be housed when not on the stage. The steps leading to these caves are used in all the ensemble scenes, so that no time during the pageant is any actor hidden from the audience. The third stage, which comprises the entire south side of the amphitheater, is two-hundred and seventy-five feet long and thirty feet deep. It is really a continuation of the lower level stage. This year an orchestra pit was dug which will house not only the musicians, but switchboard, spot and flood lights, as well as bookholders and directors.

Since the Deseret Theater is ten miles from the closest electricity, it was necessary to import special light units. This was done in the form of two large Kohler plants, each having a capacity of two-thousand five-hundred candle power. These plants came from Phoenix, a traveling distance of four-hundred miles. Ten-thousand feet of wire was used for wiring this great arena; all electrical work was done gratis by members of the school.

One-hundred-fifty costumes for the pageant were brought from San Francisco, one-hundred more made by the Domestic Art Department of the College. All these costumes were authentically correct, reflecting all the brilliance of the French court; all the pomp and glory of the church; all the glitter of the army; all the gaiety of peasant life in France.

THE College Leadership Troop of Boy Scouts had the responsibility of the seating. Seats for three-thousand were hauled twenty miles, placed and numbered. After the performance these were returned to the proper owners. Between four and five-hundred cars carried the spectators to the scene of the pageant. Committees attended to the proper parking, so that any car might leave at any time. Committees of faculty and students likewise care for the ushering, ticket collecting, marking of the highway and reception.

This great out-of-door spectacle drew the attention of people throughout the entire State of Arizona and parts of New Mexico. Eighty-seven foreign cars attended last year. Ten of Arizona's largest newspapers praised it in most glowing terms which may be summed in the words of one, "Red Knolls is the finest natural theater in Arizona. Last night an audience estimated at two-thousand persons sat spellbound by the beauty of the pageant, and the natural setting."

I STAND in a beautiful canyon. There is something entrancing about those majestic hills, clad with beautiful tall evergreens. A concert comes from the rushing stream as it crashes against the rocks in its path. It fills me with a sense of wonder as it rushes onward through nature's fairyland. There is no finer example of God's handiwork than that which exists here in these canyons of the west. My very being throbs with love and hope when I come into the presence of His divine work—a love that overwhelms all else in the purity of its passion, a hope that exalts me above the clouds and transforms me with the beauty of its calling.—*Rudy Stockseth.*

The Little House Across the Way

By FLORENCE HARTMAN TOWNSEND

Illustrated by Fielding K. Smith

IRMA looked up from her mending at it across the silver expanse of snow, the adorable little vacant house across the way. She imagined it shivered a bit and shrank visibly from the cold, with its sweet, clean heart all so empty and unwarmed—and unwanted. Of course Irma loved the little house and wanted it terribly, but nobody knew that, not even the house itself, for though she looked across at it daily with compassion and hunger, she had not been in the yard since the builders had put up the windows. But she had peered through those blank openings previously and found it charming even in its incompleteness. The front door with its arched entrance and tiny stoop, gave into a long, narrow living room. Back of this was a bed room with a spacious closet, a big kitchen-dining room, a bit of a pantry and a screened porch quite large enough to serve as an open-air dining room in summer. And how *any* bride-to-be could heartlessly refuse to become queen of such a kingdom, even if it *didn't* have electric lights, a bath and running water, was more than Irma could comprehend. It must have been, as people suggested, that the girl hadn't cared very deeply for Walt in the first place, or she wouldn't have allowed such a trifle to come between them, which merely showed how little she appreciated Walt, for everybody knew how fine and upstanding Walt was. How *could* she hurt him like that—scorn him and his dear little house?

But even Walt didn't seem to care for the house any more. He passed it without turning his head —as if the *house* were to blame, as Cecile claimed, and continued to live with his parents a mile up the road.

IRMA had speculated as to just how lovely a Dorothy Perkins rose and a purple clematis would be at the front entrance; the gorgeousness of blue morning glories on the netting wire around the garden fence and the pink of peach blossoms in the plot that had been fenced—but never planted to fruit trees. She had visioned the pantry shelves groaning with jams and jellies and the chicken yard alive with trim, white fowls. There would be a fig bush at the back door, and berry vines between the peach trees. Thus her thrifty and artistic soul had pictured the barren little house across the way, but the dream remained unrealized. Her dreaming had rebounded in an attempt to beautify the tenant farm house her father's family occupied, but the morning-glories she planted had been scratched up by the vigorous brood of hungry hens that roamed at will, and the eight lusty younger brothers and sisters had proved too much for the climbing rose and the lilac bush she had planted near the front door. Eight pairs of restless feet kept the small yard packed so hard that Irma relinquished her quest for beauty at home and bestowed her dreams on the little house again.

SHE rolled the last pair of little stockings into a neat ball and dropped it into the bottom dresser drawer. Her mother was treadling the sewing machine and her broad placid back was turned. Little Oliver and baby Nona were building a castle with their blocks—bits of wood gathered from the scraps of the house across the way. Irma gave it another wistful glance and left the room. In a cup in the kitchen safe she found some seeds —poppy seeds she had gathered in a neighbor's yard last fall. She hadn't known just why she had saved them so carefully, for she had known it would be useless to plant them at home. Now she knew why.

Muffled in her cloak and a knitted cap she circled the house and walked slowly and casually across the road. Her heart beat rapidly, making her feel guilty and foolish. She entered the yard and letting her hand hang by her side, scattered the seeds on the snow. That's what the neighbor had said, sow them on the snow. She traversed the yard, letting the seed fall evenly on the soft whiteness. It would seem, well, strange to the neighbors, perhaps, if they knew. Strange to Walt if *he* knew. Walt must not know! She quitted the yard precipitately and ran home.

AS winter gave way to spring Irma wondered often about the poppies. She was anxious, beyond all reason, to have them grow and bloom. How glad and gay the sad little house would seem with its dooryard aflame with nodding poppies! Irma considered it from the broken chink in her bedroom window where the south wind breathed tantalizingly. But its windows, its poor staring windows, where every passerby might gaze and see its emptiness and disgrace!

It was a starlit night that Irma crept out and planted the morning-glory seed under the two front windows and tied the strings for them to climb on. Then, as there was no one to stop her and no one to see, and there were still quantities of seeds, she made a trench along the garden fence and planted them there. It all seemed perfectly right and terribly satisfying while she worked, but when she started home she was again overcome with confusion and guilt. And yet she found it easy to argue this away once she was safe home, and her mind became busy with still further plans and problems. There was, for instance, the matter of the Dorothy Perkins rose. She had set her heart on it, but there were none at home. If she obtained one from a neighbor she was sure to inquire about it later, which would prove embarrassing. But demonstrating that where there is a will there is a way, Irma visited a neighbor who had a Dorothy Perkins rose at her gate, and as she passed out, carefully broke a nice limb from the coveted vine! Another clandestine visit and the slip was planted, with a kiss and a benediction, beside the stoop.

It was perfectly natural that nobody—not even Walt—noticed the poppies until they bloomed. And they *did* bloom with a vengeance! Irma held her breath when she awoke one morning and they flashed their saucy bright heads at her. Farmers passed by on their way to town and wondered mildly that Walt had overcome his bitterness and renewed his interest in the place to the extent of planting poppies and morning-glories. They were creeping over the windows and covering the garden fence. Maybe Walt had his eye on some other girl. Been a year now since that little upstart from town had thrown him over. Walt deserved better than that. Good boy, Walt.

"Though she looked across at it daily with compassion and hunger, she had not been in the yard since the builders had put up the windows."

THE poppies, and the wonder of them, stuck fast in the mind of only one man, and that was Walt. He almost overturned his small coupe as he gazed dumbfounded at the gorgeous display in his own yard. At the clambering vines and the absence of weeds, for until they bloomed he had thought the poppies weeds. He wondered, somewhat vaguely, how they got there, and he felt a sudden tugging at his heart. The little place was calling him. He wanted to fuss about it and walk inside it and feel it with his hands. But he did not stop. The bold poppies abashed him—made him feel alien, an intruder, and he drove on with only a sidelong glance.

Irma had seen him go by, without, as she thought, noticing. She heaved a deeply relieved sigh. He had

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Strange Anchor

By
MAXA MILLION

Illustrated by Paul S. Clowes

It was while he was in the back room cutting the rope that he had looked up to see her standing by him

THE thing still had Jimmy Ashton in its grip. Do what he would he could not shake himself free from it. Not that he particularly wanted to either. It was a new and an amazing experience for his sixteen years. He felt grown up. It was as if Life had offered him a strange, highly seasoned dish and then suddenly withdrawn it, beckoning slyly the while for him to follow her.

He brought out a can of syrup from behind the tall cans of salmon, weighed up a quarter's worth of sugar for old Andrew Blackman. He counted out a dozen eggs and wrapped up two spools

of thread for Nannie Green. As he rang up their change he passed some pleasantry with each customer—a quality of his that had endeared him to every inhabitant of the little town who traded at his father's store. Even as he did this, one part of his mind went on with his struggle. "Tonight—Eleven — Tonight — Eleven," beat refrain-like against his brain.

JIMMY had a flair for clerking. "Your boy, here," a salesman once had told Mr. Ashton, "not only has the most contagious gaiety but he keeps the neatest looking stock in the valley."

Mr. Ashton had given his customary remark of approbation: "Jimmy is a good boy." It was as much as he ever said but it meant everything to Jimmy.

There was a close bond between father and son, a bond heightened perceptibly since the death of a younger brother three years before.

AT seven Jimmy began locking up. It was a rite that usually lasted till well after dark. Some farmer was sure to forget his need for nails to fix a hayrack until the light in the store went out.

"Surprising what pulling down the front blinds will do," Jimmy often said, "by way of reminding people of their needs for bolts and baking powder."

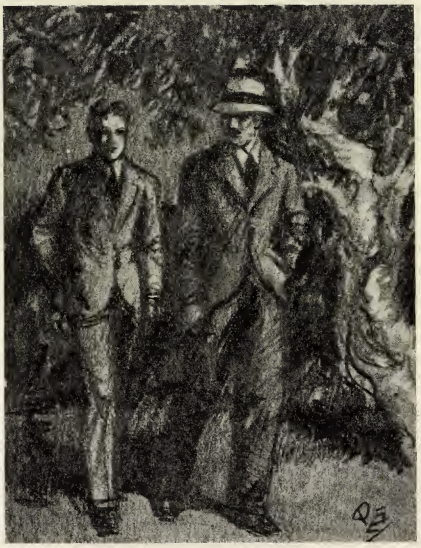
Tonight he had barely run up the shutters and locked the front door when he heard Sam Arvill's voice.

"Open up, Jimmy," Jimmy unlocked the door. "I plum forgot the dance tonight. Great note for a dance manager, isn't it? Slide out two cans of wax. We have to have something to keep the slivers out of their toes."

When he had gone Jimmy carried the cash from the register to the iron safe in the little office.

"Might as well do the sweeping tonight," he thought. "It will give me a few more minutes for sleep in the morning."

He went into the back room where the broom stood behind several bales of rope. At the sight of the rope the old refrain, "Tonight—Eleven," took on a greater intensity than ever. Hurriedly he began to cut long swathes on the sawdust-protected floor.



No word was spoken, but like a homing pigeon Dad's message settled in his heart—"You are a good boy."

SPRING had come early to the little town. As Jimmy walked up the lane that led from the store to his home he noticed that the fruit trees were full of bloom. The old crab apple by the gate unfurled a storm of white over him. Ordinarily he would have stopped a moment. "There's something about that old tree when it is in blossom that just hits me right square where I live," he had once shyly confessed to his father, but tonight he could not face its loveliness. It was so clean and sweet, and he hurried past it as if afraid it might read his thoughts.

"What's the matter, son?" Mr. Ashton asked at supper. "Spring hasn't taken your appetite?"

Jimmy didn't raise his eyes. "I'm eating as much as usual, aint I?"

Mr. Ashton looked significantly at the two golden brown pieces of fish that Jimmy had allowed to pass him. "First time I ever remember seeing the platter in that condition at this stage of the meal. Must be the dance."

"Dance!" Jimmy thought. "If Dad only knew." A wave of fear passed over him. Dad must never know. He couldn't understand.

Hastening to his room, Jimmy made preparation for the dance. The burning unrest was mounting again. Twice he dropped his cuff link. "Anybody would think I was a ten-year old," he muttered between his teeth.

"I might be kind of late getting in tonight, Dad," he called as he went in the hall for his hat.

"Not too late, Jimmy. And leave the store key. I think I'll post up the books tonight."

Sam Arvill's bald head gleamed cheerily under the fly-specked globe that lighted the little office adjoining the crude amusement hall.

"Sure you're old enough, Jimmy?" he bantered as the boy laid down a half dollar. "New ruling say no infants under twelve allowed with out their mothers."

"I'll show you my feet if you don't think I'm grown," Jimmy laughed.

IT was the typical country dance. Girls stood well out on the floor advertising the fact that they wanted to dance. Old ladies criticized and gossiped from the side lines. Young mothers with sleeping babies in their arms looked with tragic eyes at the dancers taking their places on the floor. Jimmy stood with a group of boys by the open doorway where the male portion spent its time during that interval known as "tuning up."

Jimmy's eyes followed the

dancers but all the while that half-frightening, corrosive thing gnawed at his heart.

"It isn't as if I weren't grown," he kept telling himself. "The fact that I was singled out as I was proves that other folks know I'm no kid, too."

He looked at his Ingersoll. Ten-fifteen. He took a deep breath, picked up his hat and went out.

A mass of shadows under a near-by tree untangled, as he approached into three fellows.

"Here, Jimmy," they called. "Take a swig with us." But Jimmy, shaking his head, hurried on.

He walked straight north. As he passed the store and his own home he hastened his pace and kept his eyes straight ahead. On past the old furniture store—across the creek that was a splotch of twisted silver in the starlight—past John Wind's pasture — beyond the charred ruins of the creamery that rose dejected and ghost-like behind their fringe of bushes and scraggly trees. Now he had almost reached his destination. The headlights of a passing motor picked out the shabby house, front room and lean-to, crouched like a toad by the side of the street.

The light died away and the house slunk back again into the shadows.

The pounding of his heart was suffocating. He could feel even his ears burn. Furtively he unlocked the gate and went in.

A window, flung open for coolness, revealed her sitting by an oil cloth covered table. Jimmy had a strange feeling that the boy watching her was not himself—was not the boy who had met her that morning. A life time of emotion stretched between that meeting. He recalled every minute detail of their encounter. The things that led up to it.

Old Matts Mattson had stopped his shabby buggy in front of the store and without waiting to tie the team had limped across the platform.

"Aren't you afraid they will run away?" Jimmy had asked and Matts had answered in his high falsetto, "They are too old to be fast."

Two young fellows loafing by the candy counter had burst into laughter—laughter that threatened to overwhelm them when the girl now before Jimmy had come into view.

Jimmy was no fool. Immediately he had known the application these boys were making of old Matts' speech to the girl entering the door.

He had recognized her as the new hired girl of the widower, Fred Mangum, who lived out at North Bend, two miles from town.

She had already attended a few of the dances where her newness, her full red lips, and her tight fitting dress had contributed to a popularity which far outshone that of the modest little town girls.

More than once since then Jimmy had heard some of the fellows make sly allusions to her. He, himself, did not dance though he was sure it was invitation he read in her eyes as she had whirled by him.

The two loafers had smiled broadly as the girl came in. A companion at this moment had honked loudly from a decrepit Lizzie. They had hurried to join him and had been carried away amid a chugging and panting that all but drowned their "See you tonight at the dance."

Jimmy had realized suddenly that there was something compelling about the girl as she stood there and smiled slowly at him, in spite of a faint feeling of nausea at the greasy collar that fell away from the arched whiteness of her neck. That skin was the whitest he had ever seen, and her eyes, "yellow, like a cat's," he had thought.

He had wrapped up her groceries.

"Anything else?"

"Yes, about six feet of clothes line rope. I've got to have a line on the porch to hang the children's clothes. Those little beggars are in the ditch about half the time."

Here was the rope he had sold her. Evidently the children had been in the ditch again for several pieces of clothing hung limply from its support.

It was while he was in the back room cutting the rope that he had looked up to see her standing by him. She had followed him out. In the half light there had been a breathless second. He started to coil up the rope and had felt her hand on his arm. She had given a throaty laugh.

"Afraid?" she had asked.

"Do I look it?" he had managed to answer, his heart pounding wildly the while.

Her hand began to move down his sleeve. Her fingers encountered his. Something hot and fierce awoke in him.

The front door had shut with a bang.

It was the girl who had dropped his hand. "Fred's gone," she had whispered. "Tonight—Eleven," and without waiting to pay for the rope, she had hurried out the back door.

For a moment Jimmy had stood staring wildly after her and then collecting his wits he had gone back into the store to exchange a pound of rice and two yards of calico for a pound of butter Katie Langford had brought in.

As the boy went up the path he wondered if it had been only ten hours since this had happened.

"Do other fellows feel like—half-scared — half-excited?" he thought. This wild tumult of feeling within his breast. Life! Strange wonderful Life.

His foot encountered the first step of the porch. A violent trembling seized him.

The girl sat stiffly by the table, her yellow eyes fastened on the door.

At that moment a gust of wind picked up one of the little garments on the line and sent it fluttering to the boy's feet. Hastily

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Glancing Through

Brief Summaries of Magazine Articles*

By

ELSIE T. BRANDLEY

Useless A. B. C's.

By DONALD ROSE
(*Forum Magazine*, June, 1931)

AMERICA'S educational system is typical of American life—expansive and expensive—a coast-to-coast hook-up of grammar schools, high schools, preparatory schools and colleges. It has big money at its disposal and presumably the best brains of the country behind it.

It is not easy to criticize such an elaborate and apparently successful system, but as in other business concerns, the stockholders—in this case the citizenry of the United States—demand dividends. They want to know whether or not the schools are yielding results proportionate to the wealth and effort put into them.

And this seems not to be the case; the mean average of intelligence among us is still very mean and very average. Morality, courage, good-cheer and happiness seem not to be universal, while superstition, greed, jealousy and fear are almost so. Only in matters of physical comfort and opportunities for entertainment has our world seemed to keep pace with its magnificent development in popular education.

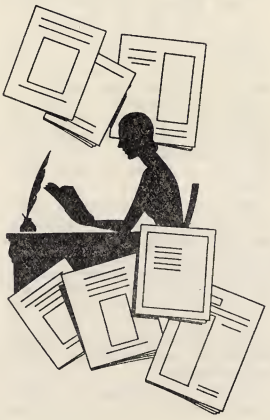
And if education has failed, it is because it has failed to foster certain essentials of character. Habits of health, business, self-protection and comfort are promoted, but those of usefulness, happiness, general intelligence, good judgment and tolerance, are not.

Where has the system broken down? Colleges claim that the failure lies with high schools. High schools refer you a step farther down; and I, through recollection, pedagogical experience and observation of elementary schools, am compelled to the opinion that the trouble lies really with our pre-adolescent system of training. And if education goes wrong at the beginning, it will either stay wrong, or require the correcting of a great many mistakes which should not have been made.

Every teacher believes that his particular subject is of supreme importance, and refuses to admit that any time could be wasted in the study of it, and yet I believe that an appalling amount of effort is devoted to the learning of things which don't matter. Consider arithmetic. Of the ten years I spent with logarithms, geometry, plain and fancy, and calculus, not a trace is left in my mind—and I don't miss it. Except for the multiplication table, there is no arithmetic left in me. I can't remember more than five telephone numbers, and I don't need to. The contention that mathematics cultivates certain faculties which are transferred to more important matters is not scientific, for according to authorities, intellectual abilities are not movable from one part of the brain to another.

As for geography, I remember learning that the sun never sets on the British Empire—which I considered a very good trick, if it could be done—but apparently my geographical progression stopped there, although I have a fairly good idea where Siam is. I must have been taught a great many things about the exports and imports of Somaliland, but I don't remember, and if I ever need to know, I'll look it up in the encyclopedia, or else ask a policeman.

And then history—whatever of it I learned in infancy has vanished. In a pinch I can remember that 1492 was the date of the signing of the Magna Charta by King John, but whether he was compelled to it by Louis XIV or Pocahontas, I haven't the least idea; and the same confusion exists in connection with my early studies of science, language and English literature.



I do not say that the methods of elementary education are wrong—but most of its studies are wasted, as high school, later on, will provide them adequately—and most adolescents go into high-school suffering from intellectual indigestion.

There is plenty of work to give them—take reading, for instance. I don't mean reading merely to know one word from another, but learning to read with intelligence and appreciation; to know the good from the bad; the true from the false. We should have to provide a different sort of book and change the attack in teaching, but children can endure truths—even when truth means uncertainty—so why do we beat it down by the awful certainties of text-books? They need faith—but I wish it might be kept for such things as religion and spirituality; and that it might be preserved from half-truths.

The remedy I suggest is simply common-sense. If I were to be called upon to teach seventh grade geography, I should throw the books out of the window, ask the powers that be for a large globe, and try to impress upon the minds of the students that the earth is round, that it is a big place, and that almost anything might happen in it. Then I should open the newspaper and take the children with me on a trip to discover what actually is happening on the earth today—and where, and, perhaps, why. I might do this in history, also. Instead of starting ages back, and dragging them up to the present, I should start with the present, where they are, and let them follow back along the paths in which they would find inspiration.

We are, it has been said, hopefully, a people impatient of waste and intolerant of idle tradition; and we have a chance to prove it by calling into

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question all the absurdities of elementary education and replacing them with essentials of civilization—habits of usefulness, intelligence, good judgment and happiness. Graduates might be short of algebra and hazy in history, but they would better know their way about in a difficult, dangerous, but wholly delightful world.

Marriage is Worth Fighting For

By IDA M. TARBELL
(*Delineator*, June, 1931)

THE early feminists, fifty or seventy-five years ago, bitterly resented the prophecy that once the "man's world" was opened to women, there would follow a revolution in feminine standards of propriety. But those who have lived to see the outcome must admit that they were wrong — the changes are greater, even, than those predicted—in many lines conduct considered reprehensible in 1880 is the accepted thing today. Those early feminists believed emancipation to mean only the right of women to go to college, practice medicine, sell bonds, vote, hold office. They did not include the changes in social habits which have followed.

A great deal is said, among emancipated women, about the double standard of morals for men and women—something which they resent, bitterly. They do not seem to realize that there are some men with high standards, just as there are some women with low ones; that in men and women both there exists, in varying degrees, to be sure, the desire for the thing we call purity—which is in no sense repression, but a clean, reverent attitude toward tendencies which are natural but must be governed. The modern young woman seems to overlook the daring dream which has ever led men and women to harness their appetites in order to achieve the highest manhood and womanhood of which they believe human beings capable.

Man, not woman, has led in the fight to preserve this ideal. He has been honest in admitting that his hardest job is to keep his higher nature from being throttled by his lower —and he has set out to win, with the help of a woman. It is a fundamental idealism in men, and women must help to hold it up.

There are a great many young women today who are like the heroine of "Main Street"—never touching the heights or depths of that which they criticize; young women imitating the sophistication of middle age, when twenty years from now they will be imitating the innocence of youth, and never knowing the real meaning of either.

It is strange how many women today are indifferent to the social importance of marriage, and yet they are greatly interested in other aspects of social betterment. Perhaps the dismal, one-sided view of marriage which they get from some of the modern literature influences them—that point of view which seems to regard marriage as an annoying, bickering relationship which holds people together by convention, economic necessity and the duty of looking after children.

But this is not inevitable, certainly, except when one or both are deficient in self-control, generosity and humor, qualities needed in large doses for people who are to live together. One trouble with young marriage is a hazy notion of living happily ever afterward, and a still more hazy one as to the personal responsibility of each in bringing it about. It is easy to say what one's mate should be and do, but not so easy to decide it in regard to oneself. If we live happily in any cooperative relation, we do it through watchfulness, self-correction, and the helping of each other at weak points. To create a happy family, there must be readjustment, discipline and self-sacrifice, and for many a modern girl this price seems all too high.

Marriage is the most successful social institution in existence—and one strong reason for this view is the recognition of the pull which home has on both children and adults. Think of Christmas—whatever it brings, its heart is in the home. Happiness reigns when the family can be together; grief when it cannot be so. Is not the happiness of family life far above its defeats and dissatisfactions?

Curious how children look upon the home—as a place where they can be happy, protected, and where things should be right. College authorities say that their problem girl and boy is very often the one from an unhappy home, where the ideals of their childhood were shattered. A child loses its faith in something it has believed beautiful and stable; and nothing will produce a morbid, embittered state of mind more surely than a home wherein the makers have frankly admitted defeat and given up the hope of success in their undertaking.

These are matters which the women of today and tomorrow must take into their strong hands. Are they going to regard home and family as an old notion, or are they going to hold to the big and ancient dream of men and women—the dream of mastering a dual nature; the dream of a human relation which grows steadily through the years in beauty, serenity and satisfaction?

We call for freedom, life, self-expression, but we do not get them merely by calling. We win them by fighting for them and by discipline, training, and hard roads. We will never achieve them by the abandoning of standards!

The Span of Life Has Not Increased

By LOUIS DUBLIN
(*Current History*, June, 1931)

THE wish to live is instinctive, and the length of our life of greatest concern to us. Our chief preoccupation is to outwit destructive forces and cling to life.

The terms "life-span" and "duration of life" have different meanings, which should here be clarified. Life span means a person's capacity to live —the upper limit of *individual* life. Duration of life refers to a population as a whole—the expectancy of *group* life.

Contrary to popular belief, there has been little or no increase in the life-span. As individuals we do not live longer than they did many years ago, but the duration of life has increased greatly in the last century, due to the application of sanitary science. This has not come about through making more centenarians, or nonogenarians, but by bringing more people through the dangerous years of infancy and childhood. The duration of life is, today, eighteen years more than it was a century ago. About one hundred years ago the expectation of life was forty-one years (in England and parts of America); by 1880 it had increased to forty-three years; by 1900 it was fifty years and now, in 1931, it is between fifty-nine and sixty years. This development, silent, because so gradual, is probably the greatest single contribution which has been made to modern life.

To appreciate this change, it is necessary to note that the greater part of it has come during the last thirty years, this being the period of applying the scientific truths about disease which were discovered during the period preceding. Such men as Pasteur, Koch and von Behring and their brilliant pupils, belonged to the last quarter of the 19th century, but it took time for their theories and teachings to seep into general medical practice; and the organization of government health-departments is comparatively new.

The gains of the past thirty years come under a few major headings. The first is conservation of infant life, for at the beginning of this century one out of every five babies died under the age of a year—generally through faulty nutrition. Now less than seven out of every hundred die the first year, and many localities have the rate as low as four percent. This

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FOODS *for* HEALTH

By ADAH R. NAYLOR

Summer Foods should be Different from Winter Foods

EACH season has its own especial charm, and each brings us certain benefits, joys and pleasures. Among the many joys of summer are the *fruits* and the *vegetables*.

Our gardens provide us fresh, unwithered vegetables, and since they are grown naturally they have more flavor and a higher vitamine content than those sold on the market during the winter. Our fruits are not picked green, but *sun-ripen* on the trees and vines as nature intended, and they, together with the vegetables, should now be eaten in abundance.

"Every herb in the season thereof, and every fruit in the season thereof; all to be used with prudence and thanksgiving."

Foods rich in proteins are *heating foods* and are not needed in any great quantity during the hot summer months. The hot days bring relaxation to our bodies and slow down our physical activities, thereby lessening our need of *heavy foods*. But eat we must, and the hot and tired housewife is confronted with the problem of preparing meals that will give summertime comfort to herself and family.

Picnics

THERE is a way of *enjoying* hot weather. When it's "just too hot to cook," one of the best and easiest things to do is to take the family to the canyon, the seashore, or a shady spot by the roadside, for a supper picnic. This doesn't mean that you are to spend hours making innumerable fancy sandwiches—but, well, do you know anything that tastes as good as food cooked out-of-doors? And isn't cooking it fun?

Every family should own a *Picnic Box*. It should be kept intact and in a condition to use at a moment's notice. It must contain an iron or wire grill, (get one out of an old stove) a long-handled wire toaster; a long handled frying pan; long-handled wire corn popper; (for roasting weiners) several wire forks; Dutch oven; tin cups, plates, and a wide-mouth thermos jug which may be used for salads or cold drinks.

Plans for the evening picnic can be made early while it is cool and the morning work is in progress. Boil potatoes in their jackets and stand aside to cool. String beans, peas or cauliflower can also be boiled, cooled, then mixed with French dressing and placed in the ice box in a jar ready for salad. If the family prefer vegetables hot they can be cooked in the Dutch oven, then taken "as is" and reheated over the camp fire. Best of all, green corn can be cooked on the spot—boil in the husks about 7 minutes. Corn cooked this way was, I am sure, a favorite dish on Mt. Olympus. Take along a bit of ham or bacon for frying the potatoes, also an onion to mince fine and fry with the potatoes (cook it a few minutes in the fat before the potatoes are added). A jar of jam and some bread complete the meal.

Toasted Sandwiches and Salad

A VERY simple outdoor meal consists of sandwiches toasted over the fire and a cup of salad. Take a loaf of bread, some cheese, a jar of peanut butter and a small package of bacon. Put plenty of cheese between two slices of bread, place between the leaves of the wire toaster or broiler and brown on both sides over the embers of the camp fire. Nothing made in a kitchen ever did taste as good!

First cook the bacon crisp and brown, then spread two pieces of bread with peanut butter and before placing them together add one or two strips of the bacon, place in wire toaster and toast over the fire. Piping hot they are delicious.

Cup Salads

GELATINE salads are always good but they are especially refreshing in summer time. They make a splendid picnic dish as they can be prepared in the morning, filled with fruits or vegetables, put in individual paper cups and placed in the ice box to chill. They are easily carried and with a puff of salad dressing on top can be eaten from the cup, doing away with the necessity of extra dishes.

There are many fancy dishes which are nice for a *party* picnic, but if the *entire family* is to enjoy eating out-of-doors, only the simplest foods should be prepared.

Summer Vegetables

GREEN corn is a delicious vegetable but is often made tough and dry by prolonged cooking. When young and tender 5 minutes is sufficient for boiling on the cob—without husks.

Corn-in-Husks

REMOVE outer husks—turn back the inner husks and remove any discolored kernels and worm eaten spots. Then fold back inner husks and tie with a thread. Place in

[*Continued on page 564*]

To My Grandmother's Portrait

By Bee Forsyth

YOU'RE nothing but a picture on the wall,
Yet your young, serious lips and eyes are all
The grandma I have ever had. You know,
Before I came here, you were called to go.
But lots of times when I'm alone, I play
That you, O Lady of a Bygone Day,
Are still alive to wear your long black frock
Of taffeta, that rustles when you walk
And wafts a subtle scent of wild rose leaves—
A scent so delicate it almost grieves—
Dried in a tiny, painted china jar
Grandfather gave you when he went to war—
I'm sure, if you should call some bright spring day,
That I should know you, and I'd smile and say,
"Grandmother dear, why did you leave so soon?
(Yes, *isn't* it a lovely afternoon?)
Won't you sit down? Take off your bonnet, too.
I'm Bessie's oldest daughter. How are you?"

Apart

Nell Lovell

MY thoughts soar out
Like wings of eagles strong,
Nor nest at eve, they journey on;
And from my heart
A plaintive, longing cry
Finds echo ever, on hope's distant shore.

Miles and mountains,
Forest, stream and plain.
Gray stretches drear, and cities vast,
Are now between—dim distance is no bar!
I have your every thought—
And love will last.

West Lands

Vesta P. Crawford

BRING me a breeze from the west lands
Fresh from a red, ragged gorge,
Brushed from the tip of a riven pine,
From the twig of a clinging brush!

Bring me a breeze from the west lands,
Damp from a flooded wash,
Whirled from the clay-clogged waters,
Warmed by the dried-off rocks!

Bring me a breeze from the west lands,
From a place that's dry and hilly,
Sweet from the white of a flower face,
From the mottled sego-lily!

God's Etching

Merling D. Clyde

A MASS of hills in a colorless world,
Where the wet plain runs away,
Blue on an opaque sky stands out
At close of a rain-drenched day.
Dark-cupped its little hollows lie
White-splotched with flurried snow,
Nestling content in circling arms
Cedar-fringed ridges throw.
Densely it hedges the dripping plain,
Outlined on leaden sky,
Vibrant in blue-white loveliness—
God's etching hung to dry.

Sometime, when the day is white-hot lit,
I'll close my eyes and be cooled by it.

You

Elsie Petersen

I SAW you—
Silver stars sprayed the night.
I met you—
Tree-ruffed pool, moonbeam bright.
I won you—
And dreamed of rainbow'd rain,
I lost you—
Dim moon, black pool, blind pain!

Cross-Stitch

Ardyth Kennelly

SPREAD your skirts and sit beside me, Mary Kate.
Talk of books and pictures and your Quimper ware,
Talk of your blue linen and your lilac tree,
And I shall watch the light upon your shining hair.

Fold your hands and sit beside me, Mary Kate.
Tell me of the cashmere shawl and your pink gown,
And I shall kiss your throat, my love, and your red mouth.
And the shadow on your cheek where your lashes curl down.

Summer

Grace Ingles Frost

THE willow trees down by the river,
With weight of their verdure bend low;
They trail their long sweeping branches
In plash of the waters soft flow.

A heat haze rests over the valley,
But sun rays hold more of pure gold,
And great arms of outspreading branches
Cast shadows more deep and more bold.

The white trumpet blooms of catalpa
Breathe forth a heavy perfume;
The walls of a Chinese Pagoda
Are fragrant with roses abloom.

Gold vested bees haunt the garden,
Humming a busy toned lay.
And out in the fields other toilers
Are tossing, in stacks, new mown hay.

'Tis summer, the days of the workers,
The playtime of loiterers too,
When hours of labor are over
Is summer the season for you?

Home

Annza Grossman

ALWAYS, all times I can go home to do my work,
For home is not a house to me;
Home is the quiet of my mind.

Home is this dream that makes my work sweet and happy—
Star-rimmed with beauty,
Soft with light and dreams,
For home is the changeless love of work.

So have I builded, so I move,
And earth has ceased for me its sorrowing
Long since.

I go serene, untouched
And undismayed by anything,
Because no matter where I am
I can go home in peace and work.

The lift of love, the mind's high stronghold,
The spirit's peace, whose work is inner glow.

Thoughts are Sweet Birds

Claire S. Boyer

THOUGHTS are sweet winging birds that light,
After uncertain quiv'ring flight,
In welcoming branches of the soul;

Sweet singing birds that build a nest
On the souls quick-responding breast,
Happy to know a sunlit goal;

Sweet clinging thoughts that recreate
New thoughts that sing and soar and mate
And help to build life's perfect whole.

CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE

Is it Possible to Organize and Maintain a Choir in Every Ward

NOT long ago a member of the Church Music Committee was stopped on the street by one of the best known semi-professional singers, one who has had much experience in the music life of our largest community and who has done much singing with professional and amateur organizations. The lady asked this question: "When are you coming up to our ward and tell us how to get our music going? I am sick and tired of hearing nothing but soprano in our meetings, when we ought to have a choir and good four-part singing." The lady is a member of one of the most active wards, in a section of a city that boasts of well-to-do people, fine chapel, people who are able to enjoy the luxuries and such opportunities as go with a certain amount of affluence, and yet she complained that this ward had had no choir for a long time and did not seem able to find anyone who had either interest in maintaining one or ability even to organize one. When it was suggested that she take hold of the proposition, for which she is well fitted by training and experience, she was positive in her refusal. It developed that she would not try to do this work because of the lethargy of the people toward a choir, and she felt that she could not face the humiliating task of failure. She could not be dissuaded from her negative attitude, and if anything is done for music in that ward it will have to be done by someone else.

It is remembered that in the past when conditions were far less propitious than now our people could show fine choirs all over the Church, even in isolated communities. It might be argued that this was the result of their very isolation, and was due in no small measure to the fact that they were compelled to provide their own outlet for self-expression. That is true. Also, it can be admitted that the influx of talent from the old world during the early days of our history gave us many men and women who had been schooled in rigid discipline as far as music, and particularly religious music, was concerned, and that it was due oftimes to some of these that such fine standards were maintained. Numbers of these persons composed excellent music and many times were under the necessity of writing their own music if they were to have any at all, thus giving to the Church some of its best and most lasting music, particularly hymns.

In those early days these were in most cases the only music teachers in their respective communities and it was natural that where the people longed for musical contact and expression they would crowd to these and would support them in all their music undertakings. Such participation resulted in two things: constantly increasing inspiration and ambition, and growing standards and proficiency. It was this type of activity that accounts for the rapid development in desire and appreciation that were expressed in the old Social Hall, the Salt Lake Theater, the Tabernacle organ, etc.

But our circle of contacts and life are changing. From that condition in which we were compelled to find our outlet in the organizations of our respective localities we have come to one wherein we rather seek outside of our locality for those things, finding new excitement, like the bear that went over the mountain. If we believe that a choir in a ward is a desirable thing, and can accept the condition under discussion as indicative of the attitude toward choirs at the present time, certainly we should attempt to discover if possible the cause of this attitude.

If under the adverse early conditions our people were able to maintain choirs of high excellence, should we not now possess the constituents out of which the best amateur choirs to be found anywhere might be developed? Is it progress to be compelled to admit that as our people receive better training in music and allied subjects they are correspondingly more lethargic toward something that has always been an outstanding feature in our religious activity? It would be regrettable to feel that such is the case. Yet in one of the largest wards of one of the leading stakes in the very center of cultural advantages of the Church we find it impossible to organize and maintain a choir.

There is not a ward in the entire Church in which it would be impossible to organize and maintain a good choir providing the ward leaders and the people have the proper affirmative attitude toward choirs, and leadership is established. Musical leadership is not enough, nor is affirmative attitude sufficient—it takes both. But less expert leadership can succeed further under inspiring attitude than expert leadership will go under an attitude of negation. It would be a reflection upon us to admit that our people have become so irresponsible in their conception and use of music in worship that they are wilful in their neglect of it, or are actually opposed to it; also it is anything but commendable if their higher training should draw them away from supporting those agencies that are intended to provide music for worship. We would rather believe that there has been a gradual change in attitude along with other changes that are products of the times, and that the whole proposition of music in our worship has been taken too much for granted. Also, it may be that our leadership is changing. Certain it is that we can have no choir where there is no leadership. Recently a successful stake chorister, one, by the way, who has been a ward chorister, was asked what he considered the first requisite for a ward choir, and without any hesitation he replied, "A leader who is not afraid to work, and who will not become discouraged."

Surely with our increased advantages and more universal training we should be able to have the finest choirs that we have ever had in the history of the Church. Here is a matter that presiding authorities in wards and stakes might well make a topic for special consideration. It will be noted that those wards which can show the greatest success in Sacrament meetings as a rule have competent, active choirs.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

All Melchizedek Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Council of the Twelve; and all Aaronic Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.

Work With Older, Inactive Members of Aaronic Priesthood

THROUGH cooperation of the Melchizedek quorums with the bishoprics of the various wards in Mt. Ogden stake, systematic effort is being made to promote the interest and activity of older, inactive members of the Aaronic Priesthood, in order that they may go forward and enjoy the blessings that follow increased devotion. In a letter to the Presiding Bishopric from Elder W. H. Reeder, Jr., chairman of the high council committee of that stake, the plan is explained as follows:

"Last night at the meeting of the stake presidency and high council of the Mount Ogden stake your letter soliciting suggestions with respect to Lesser Priesthood work was read. All present were of the opinion that I should write you this letter explaining an activity recently outlined in our stake which we consider to be of considerable importance.

"In our stake there are a number of grown men, some of them of mature age, who have advanced no higher than the Aaronic Priesthood. In many instances these men take no interest in Church affairs and, if an interest were aroused, would refuse to take any interest in the quorums of the Aaronic Priesthood. For that reason we have enjoined upon the elders the responsibility of working with adult deacons, the seventies with adult teachers, and the high priests with adult priests. This work is not laid upon the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums as an independent responsibility, but must be done only with the consent of the bishop and under his direction. The verbal instructions are that the class instruction committee of the elders' quorum shall go to the bishop and get a list of the adult deacons from him. The officers of the elders' quorum, with the counsel and recommendation of the bishop, shall select the best man in the quorum to do the service required with respect to a certain adult deacon. This is true with respect to the other quorums.

"The aim is that the most suitable and advantageous service shall be rendered to each adult member of the Aaronic Priesthood so as not to affront or offend him. The appointment is not to be made unnecessarily public and the missionary work is not to consist of preaching. The primary object is to have the man who is appointed to do the missionary work establish a friendly confidence which will result in some kind of association. This association is ultimately to result in an invitation to the deacon to attend neighborly gatherings with the missionary, and then ward socials and other activities as the interest of the deacon is gradually stimulated. If the adult deacon is interested enough to attend a quorum meeting, he will be invited to attend the meetings of the quorum to which the missionary belongs. When his interest is sufficiently enlivened the deacon will be made an elder or he will be ordained to some other office suitable to his age, interests and activities. By the way, if it is found that a deacon is too old to associate normally with elders, instead of an elder being assigned to him an exchange will be made with the seventies or high priests' quorums, and this will be done under the direction of the bishop. It is not intended that this work shall relieve the bishop of his responsibility to the Aaronic Priesthood members in any sense of the word, but that the quorums of the Melchizedek Priesthood shall assist him in a responsibility which is probably too broad and extensive for his efficient attention."

Advantages of Musical Ability

THIS is an age in which we often hear the word "pep" used. An

attempt to give a complete definition of this word would require a somewhat lengthy explanation. Nevertheless, it refers to a condition in which we all have a part. Our grandfathers were happy to journey with ox teams. Our fathers improved conditions with the use of the horse and spring wagon. Now have come the automobile and the airplane. Our living conditions have kept pace with these steps in advancement. Our educational institutions are finding shorter and more effective ways of teaching.

The developments of the last few months seem to point out the way to a more pronounced activity program for boys and young men of the Church. The Church is a divine organization. The Priesthood has been restored to earth. It gives an opportunity for service unsurpassed in spiritual value and benefit. Why not take advantage of these opportunities?

The new movement is primarily designed to help the young men of the Church to see their great opportunities for their spiritual advancement and to prepare them for high attainments in life, the effects of which will reach into eternity. We should not be content to move on the lines of least resistance or the easy way, but raise ourselves to a condition of mind that we may fortify ourselves against inactivity and instead become enthusiastic workers in the great plan of salvation.

One of the factors that will assist us in reaching this condition is music. It is one of the most inspiring and encouraging developments of youth. Daily, calls come from the missions for men who can play musical instruments and sing, those who have had experience in choruses, in musical organizations, etc. The members of the Aaronic Priesthood should not overlook this fact. There should be organized in the quorums or classes glee clubs, quartets, choruses. This will bring a great deal of pleasure to those who are enrolled and active in quorum work and is one of the prime needs in our missionary service. We therefore appeal to those who are training the young men in the Aaronic Priesthood to give special attention to those who may be musically inclined so that our young men going out in the missions will be properly qualified to render this important part of Church missionary work.

MUTUAL MESSAGES

Executive Department

General Superintendency
Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,

Executive Secretary:
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.
47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.
33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency
Y. L. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,

General Secretary:
ELSIE HOGAN

The Annual June Conference

OF outstanding interest and importance to the leadership and members of the Mutual Improvement Associations throughout the Church was the Annual June Conference, held at Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 12, 13 and 14 of June. Coming at the close of an unusually successful M. I. A. season, enthusiasm was high, and the hundreds of delegates and visitors gathered from the sessions and contacts of the three days much to help and inspire them in their plans and preparation for the coming year's program, toward which they are now turning their attention.

Based upon the theme, *"Teaching Religion Through the M. I. A. Program,"* and emphasizing the slogan for 1931-32, *"We Stand for Physical, Mental, and Spiritual Health through Observance of the Word of Wisdom,"* the conference was colored by the spirit of religion, uplifting and inspirational in its effect upon those who had come, many of them long distances, to find the incentive to spur them on to sincere and unfaltering effort in the Mutual Improvement cause.

Executive Department

General Sessions

FRIDAY, JUNE 12TH—9 TO 12 A. M.

THE first meeting of the conference was held in the Assembly Hall, with Superintendent George Albert Smith and President Ruth May Fox presiding. Following the opening songs and prayer, Superintendent Smith delivered his annual message of welcome and appreciation to those assembled, and expressed his gratitude at the privilege which was his of associating with such an earnest, purposeful group of leaders. His message was one of encouragement.

Sister Lucy Grant Cannon, first counselor in the Young Ladies' Organization, and representing the presidency, endorsed Brother Smith's remarks, and expressed her appreciation for the opportunity extended to her by Sister Fox to voice the greeting and welcome for her and other members of the General Board. "Our most sincere wish for all is that this conference may be the most profitable one ever held. We want to cooperate with you. We are your servants," Sister Cannon said. She also expressed thanks for the splendid response with which stake and ward workers meet all requests made of them, and assured them that it was most gratifying to see the earnest and whole-souled work of M. I. A. officers. "We know the value of team work and organization," she concluded, "and want the Mutual Improvement organizations to be complete and in running order always. The M. I. A. is an organization of opportunity and service. Happy is the person who finds work to do therein."

The subject, "M. I. A. Music" was discussed by Music Directors J. Spencer Cornwall and Evangeline T. Beesley, with many excellent suggestions and illustrations.

Formal presentation of the Slogan for the coming season—1931-32—was made, and excellent discussions given by members of the General Board. *The Slogan as Pertaining to Youth* was treated by Dr. Herbert B. Maw, while a summary was made by Dr. George R. Hill, Jr. *The Slogan as Pertaining to Adults* was presented by Dr. Arthur L. Beeley, the summary being made by Dr. F. S. Harris.

The culminating feature of the session was an address by President Heber J. Grant, followed by music and the benediction.

PIONEER TRAILS PROGRAM
2 TO 3:30 P. M.

Superintendent George Albert Smith presided at the afternoon session which was devoted to the memory of the Pioneers. Appropriate songs and dramatizations were the features of the early part of the program, after which two short talks, ably given, followed by the main address, aroused the enthusiasm of the audience and awakened in them a new sense of appreciation of their courageous forebears and the debt still owing them. Speakers and their subjects were as follows:

The Handcart Companies
—President Ruth May Fox
Preserving Western Trails
—George Q. Morris
Our Pioneer Heritage
—Hon. Charles R. Mabey

A congregational song, "For the Strength of the Hills," followed by the benediction offered by President Elias S. Woodruff of the Western States mission concluded this inspiring session.

RECEPTION AND OUTING AT SALTAIR

As in years past, the M. I. A. outing at Saltair was one of unique interest and great enjoyment. Following a reception by the General Boards, community singing, supper and a program were the order of the occasion. As the distinctive feature of the evening, the contest in dancing, "The Gold and Green Centennial Waltz," was staged upon the great dance floor of the pavilion, and the sight of fourteen young couples, appropriately dressed and perfectly trained in the difficult technique of this beautiful M. I. A. dance formed a never-to-be forgotten picture. General dancing concluded the pleasant sociability of the event.

Executive Session

SATURDAY, JUNE 13TH

THE Saturday morning session of the conference was in nature a general one, for Ward and Stake Executive Officers, Era and Publicity Directors, Community Activity leaders, and Music Directors assembled together for the first period, for opening exercises and a discussion of Era and Publicity, after which all directors of the latter were excused to adjourn to a meeting of their own, while Secretaries who had met in department session during the first hour joined the larger group.

The program, based largely upon the Community Activity Committee work for the coming year, was divided into topics and discussed by General Board members as follows:

The three-year program ..... Dr. E. E. Ericksen
The Tuesday Evening Program ..... Clarissa A. Beesley
Contest Work ..... W. O. Robinson
Round Table Discussion ..... Oscar A. Kirkham
Executive Leadership in the M. I. A. ..... Dr. Richard R. Lyman

Details of the work discussed under the first four headings are given in the Handbook for this year, together with additional material to be printed in the *Improvement Era*. A summary of Brother Lyman's talk appears herewith:

Executive Leadership in the M. I. A.

SUCCESS depends upon leadership. The measure of any leader is the efficiency of the organization he leads. He leads best who has the greatest ability to organize—not the one who can do most with his own hands, but he who can direct the efforts of a thousand.

The leader should devote himself to a study of plans and methods. When each is carrying his share, the work is easy, the burden light.

In selecting leaders, qualifications ought to be considered. You can't make a dancing master out of a cripple. Those who lead are born with leadership. If this natural endowment is not pronounced, study and hard work may make up the deficiency.

Leaders should think out effective plans, make definite assignments, then check up to see that the duties assigned are well performed.

Successful leaders must lead in kindness, but they must have the courage to be just. Without giving offense, they should drop loafers from the service. They should relish difficult tasks. They should assume responsibility and avoid worry by being prepared.

Faith and optimism they must have —faith in Providence, in themselves, in mankind, in the work they do, and in their associates.

Leaders must know where they are going, must be able to see the whole problem, and they must have clearly in mind effective methods of solving it.

The successful leader has sympathy for the imperfections of his associates. To criticise the group spoils its morale. The views and wishes of associates should receive careful, sympathetic, patient consideration. Ever ready to give credit, the leader should ever have sympathy also for merriment and laughter. Humor that does not give offense may solve delicate problems. Even unimportant questions are entitled to an answer, and feeble efforts at originality deserve encouragement.

Health is a strong asset to him who leads. Proper food, ample exercise, sufficient rest, plenty of sleep—these enable the leader to practice self-control, to walk with an elastic step, and to exhibit enthusiasm.

The real leader makes good; he does not have to make excuses. He avoids repeating mistakes.

Every leader should cultivate a pleasant personal bearing, should greet fellow-workers with a smile, take the greatest pains never to embarrass, and under all conditions be civil.

Modest dignity is an advantage. Undue familiarity weakens the leader, while a proper respect for associates strengthens him. Loyalty to superiors brings respect from subordinates.

One leader succeeded because "he had ten thousand friends." He made friends of those who were as well as those who were not employed in his institution. Affection, not compulsion, makes a great organization.

Contest Finals

SATURDAY, 7:30 TO 9:00 P. M.

FOR the first time in the history of contests in the M. I. A. the finals were arranged in a manner to make it possible for everyone to see all events. Beginning at 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon, all finals in the Retold Story of the Vanguard and Junior Girls' department were held, followed by Drama finals. Special musical selections made the session one of unusual interest, and a splendid audience gave evidence of the fact that the activities of the M. I. A. are commanding more and more attention as they draw larger numbers into participation and increase in excellence.

The evening event in the Tabernacle programmed the finals in M Men and Gleaner Speech, Orchestra, Ladies' Chorus, Male Chorus, Mixed Double Quartet and the presentation of awards in all activities. Winners will be announced later.

Joint Officers' Meeting

SUNDAY, 8:00 TO 10:45 A. M.

THE theme of the conference, "Teaching Religion Through the M. I. A. Program" was emphasized at this session, introduction of the subject being given by Oscar A. Kirkham, executive secretary of the Y. M. M. I. A. and discussion by President Ruth M. Fox of the Young Ladies' organization.

Sister Fox introduced her remarks with the question, "What constitutes religion," and gave in answer the dictionary definition, "The outward act or form by which men indicate their recognition of the existence of a God or Gods having power over their destiny, to whom obedience, service and honor are due," and then called attention to the fact that Joseph Smith, the Prophet, had incorporated into the religion of the Latter-day Saints the principle of being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, and in doing good to all men. She repeated the declaration of the Apostle James, that "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world," and Christ's definition, "That man should live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

She said that it was an honor for any person to be asked to expound these doctrines to the youth of the Church, and stressed the necessity for a teacher to qualify himself for so doing. In addition to studying, she stated that there was another requisite —understanding the ideals and standards of the Church and living closely to them to invite the companionship of the spirit of the Lord, for a teacher in the M. I. A. is helping the Heavenly Father to instil into the minds of his children the principles of the Gospel.

She brought up the question, sometimes asked, as to whether activities are in reality a part of religion, and answered in the affirmative, explaining that the improvement of our God-given endowments is a fundamental axiom of the Gospel, and that the M. I. A. has accepted their assignment in that spirit.

Examples and illustrations to show that singing and dancing and dramatic art were known in Biblical days, and were pleasing unto the Lord were given, and others of later date—quotations from the Doctrine and Covenants and the life of the Prophet Joseph. She concluded with the thought that the problem is not so much one of what is taught as how it is taught, and suggested that a fine spirit of religion goes hand in hand with many subjects—if the teacher wills it so, and closed with the statement, "All the beauties of nature were made for the study and appreciation of God's children, for their culture, refinement and happiness, to the end that Zion may be crowned with the glory of God, for out of her shall come the perfection of beauty."

The meeting was then turned over for the bearing of testimonies, and the officers responded with the spiritual fervor characteristic of those whose energy and interest are being devoted to the work of the Master. Many inspirational talks were given, and a spirit of unity and peace prevailed.

SUNDAY, 2:00 P. M.

The afternoon meeting was held under the direction of the First Presidency of the Church, with music by the great Tabernacle Choir. The visiting delegates were proud and grateful for the opportunity of hearing their leaders speak.

SUNDAY, 7:30 P. M.

Under the direction of the Vanguard, Junior, Scout and Bee-Hive departments was the evening meeting on Sunday, held at the Tabernacle. Of a spiritual nature, depicting in picture and song the Glorified Youth which Latter-day Saints should be, the session was one of uplift and inspiration, and the message sank deep into the hearts of all present. Second Asst. Supt. Melvin J. Ballard gave the address introductory to the presentation, and with the enthusiastic spirit which is characteristic of him as a man and an Apostle, he sounded a clarion call to youth and to the leaders of youth. Appropriate music marked the proceedings.

(The details of the pictorial presentation will be published in the August issue of the *Improvement Era*, that stakes and wards may present a similar demonstration locally if they so desire).

Community Activity Department

Recreation Institute

THURSDAY, JUNE 11TH

BEGINNING on the day preceding the conference proper, the Community Activity leaders of the Church were welcomed to a recreation institute held under the direction of the General Boards. Instruction and demonstrations in Music, Drama, Dancing, Speech and Story were given, national experts in some lines being present. A good attendance and hearty participation in the work of the day marked the occasion as being one of unusual value and enjoyment.

Business Session

SATURDAY, JUNE 13TH
9:00 TO 12:00 A. M.

COOPERATING with the Executives, the Community Activity Department presented their work at the general session outlined in the Executive Department of these messages. Community Activity Committees were also vitally interested in the outing at Saltair, as well as in all contests, but since the chairmen of these committees are executive officers, the general conduct of these affairs was in their hands. Brief reports will be found in the Executive Department.

Era and Publicity Department

Saturday, June 13th

FOLLOWING the 9 o'clock general session of this date, the directors of Era and Publicity were excused to hold a meeting of their own, where a consideration of their specific problems took place.

"Spirit and Objectives of the Improvement Era," was discussed by Hugh J. Cannon and Elsie T. Brandley, managing and associate editors of the magazine. The "When and How of Organization" was presented by Chairman George Q. Morris, followed by a few pointers on "Selling the Era," given by John D. Giles, of the general Era and Publicity Committee. George A. Christensen of Ensign Stake (27th ward) explained their methods in securing the Era quota in one week. Following these talks a general discussion was opened, in the course of which many questions and problems were brought up and suggestions offered for their solving.

Adult Department

Special Session

SATURDAY, JUNE 13—9 TO 12 A. M.

THE business and program of the Adult Department was taken up and given careful consideration at this session, and a general feeling of satisfaction resulted.

Following opening music and prayer, the various subjects were introduced and treated in the following order and by the individuals named:

Courses of Study for 1931-32—Dr. Lyman L. Daines
Dr. L. W. Oaks
The Recreation Program—Charlotte Stewart
Joint Citizenship Project—Dr. Arthur L. Beeley
Reading Course—Anne M. Cannon
Women's Separate Work—Lucy W. Smith

Results of a questionnaire sent to Adult leaders had been tabulated and were presented by Axel A. Madsen.

There followed a practical demonstration of recreational activities for adults, led by Miss Stewart, after which an open discussion on problems of Adult work was conducted by Dr. Franklin S. Harris, and a summary made by Dr. Joseph F. Merrill.

Community singing and the benediction concluded this interesting session.

(Details of the talks given, and suggestions for the department are to be found in the Adult Manual for the season of 1931-32.)

M Men-Gleaner Department

Joint Session

SATURDAY, JUNE 13TH
9 TO 10 A. M.

THIS session, conducted by Chairmen Herbert B. Maw and Grace C. Neslen, was well attended. Brother

Maw presented the general objectives of the department. M Men and Gleaners from three wards gave three-minute talks, to which the audience spent five minutes in responding. Mrs. Neslen discussed the joint course of study for the coming season — Etiquette, based upon the book, "The Right Thing at All Times," and the meeting ended with a short demonstration of this subject.

In the course of Mrs. Neslen's talk, she emphasized the thought that lovely behavior is an outgrowth of lovely character, and since the M Men and Gleaners of the Church had requested a course of study in etiquette it was hoped that the one provided would prove enjoyable and helpful to them. In explaining the course, she said, "True consideration for others is the underlying principle upon which all politeness is based. Self-consciousness, doubt, awkwardness and timidity are foes to success. The little things in life exert a mighty influence upon our ability to achieve results in any field."

M Men Separate Session

SATURDAY, JUNE 13TH
10 TO 12 A. M.

PRACTICALLY every phase of M Men work was ably presented and thoroughly discussed at their meeting on Saturday morning. "Basket Ball and Athletics" was the subject of Homer C. Warner's talk. Alma C. Clayton explained the M Men Leaders' Training Course.

Under the direction of Werner Kiepe a new program contemplated to develop the M Men work through the improvement of M Men supervisors was discussed. It was explained that the M. I. A. is now prepared to train M Men Supervisors in schools which will be organized for that purpose in the various districts in the Church. A plan for four nights of school was briefly outlined. Subjects to be discussed at the school, dealing with the supervision of the various activities of M Men, were: teaching methods, coaching methods, and a better knowledge of M Men psychology.

Along with the supervisor training the question of giving recognition for approved work by supervisors was outlined. Under the new program it will be expected that every M Man supervisor will be registered on an approved registration blank to be filed at Church headquarters, this registration to entitle such supervisor to special privileges and also to be used as a basis of checking the work done each year. Progressive steps of recognition have been outlined so that after one year's service as a supervisor and upon successful completion of the work provided at a school under the direction of the General Board, such a registered supervisor will be certified, and after five years of work as a supervisor after certification and registration, a gold key will be awarded and after ten years of service as a supervisor and other qualifications, a diamond is to be awarded in the key.

The question of how to organize the school, securing registration of all supervisors, continuing experienced men in office, eliminating turn-over in M Man supervisors and other questions, were also discussed.

Oscar Carlson presented the M Men's project, and in the course of his remarks voiced the following thoughts:

M Men, as a project in civic activity, should acquaint themselves with the various phases of government under which they live and endeavor to appreciate and understand the problems in connection therewith. In no more effective way could they enhance their civic responsibility. This general proposition will receive ready endorsement, but, at the same time a question may be raised as to procedure. Anticipating such question it is suggested that the following method be pursued:

1. M Men or their committees visit public officials—town, city, county, and state.

(a) Discuss responsibility and cooperation between public and its officials.

(b) Ascertain current public problems.

(c) Report back to M Men organization.

2. Learn the functions of different branches of government and how officials are elected. This study should be woven in with the visiting of officials, the reports and discussions thereon.

3. Have group discussion of current or immediately interesting governmental questions. In this connection open forum should be encouraged.

4. Interview candidates for office and report.

5. Have public officials talk to M Men on matters of current interest that relate to the official duties of the speaker. These talks should be so conducted as to invite questions and provoke some discussion on the part of the M Men group.

6. Study and practice parliamentary procedure. Consult "Robert's Rules of Order."

7. M Men, 21 years of age and over should exercise franchise at all elections and should participate in primaries and conventions.

8. Hold annually a Church-wide M Men convention.

9. Establish, if feasible, a central M Men building which will constitute a social, recreational, and educational center.

(Summaries of other talks given to the M Men leaders will appear in early issues of the *Era*.)

Miscellaneous business occupied the remainder of the session, the reading course being explained by N. G. Morgan, the Course of Study by Thomas A. Beal, other activities by Joseph F. Smith, and Master M Men by one of the M Men Committee. It was felt, from the gratifying interest and intelligent consideration of the problems presented, that the work in the M Men Department for the season of 1931-32 should reach a new level of excellence.

Gleaner Separate Session

SATURDAY, JUNE 13TH
10 TO 12 A. M.

THE Gleaner session was one of marked interest and enthusiasm, and the presentation of Gleaner work for next year, by General Board Gleaner Committee members, was met with delightful response and a ready spirit of cooperation by the leaders there assembled. Introduced by the subject, "The Field for Gleaning," handled by Chairman Grace C. Neslen, the program of the session included every part of the work. The course of study in Church history was delightfully given, under the title "Events of the Past—a Source of Inspiration," by Martha G. Smith and Margaret N. Wells, in which they brought out many interesting points.

GLEANER COURSE OF STUDY

"A Brief History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," by the late Edward H. Anderson, will provide Gleaner class discussions for the year 1931-32. The history is being reprinted with comments and outlines supplemented by Ezra C. Dalby.

Brother Anderson, in preparing this history, aimed at accuracy, as well as completeness, as far as the limited space would allow. The author obtained the facts from a large number of reliable authorities and together with his own experience has woven and sketched into the history the faith, work, travels and persecutions of the Saints. In compiling the history two aims were kept in mind: to create an interest in the hearts of the youth of the Church in the marvelous faith, work, toils and sacrifices of the founders of this great latter-day work, and to provide for those interested in or investigating "Mormonism" a brief

yet authentic source. The history covers the period of time from the birth of the Prophet Joseph Smith and the rise of the Church to the year 1920.

Sister Wells described the spiritual darkness existing in 1930 and the desire of the boy, Joseph Smith, to obtain light, for which purpose he presented himself before the Lord in prayer. This prayer, answered by the heavenly Beings whom he saw in vision, was the beginning of a new dispensation of the Gospel. The character and works of the boy who became a prophet were outlined, and the talk concluded with the expressed hope that the Gleaner Girls might be blessed in their study of the great history which has meant so much to their ancestors and themselves.

Martha G. Smith, taking up the outline of Church History at this point, carried her listeners through the many and varied experiences of the Church under different leaders, from Brigham Young to the present president, Heber J. Grant. Of Brigham Young she quoted, "With master mind and hand, he stood ready at the appointed hour to grapple with the stupendous task." The story of the persecution of the Saints had been touched upon by Sister Wells, and the journey across the plains, in search of a land in which they could find a haven of safety, was related by Sister Smith, as well as the description of the colonization which stamped President Young as a master-colonizer and leader.

The third president, John Taylor, she said, was known as the "Champion of Liberty" and he had for his motto "The Kingdom of God or nothing." His devotion to his Church and his Maker were made very real to the audience.

President Wilford Woodruff, known as "Wilford, the Faithful," was pictured as "farmer, missionary, historian and president, beloved by a whole people."

Of President Lorenzo Snow she said, "He was active, able, and devoted to the work. His appeal to the Saints to observe the law of tithing marks a distinct epoch in the Church."

President Joseph F. Smith, the sixth president, was described as "a friend of the people, easily approached, a wise leader and counselor, a man of broad views, and a man whose sympathies were easily aroused. He was a reflex of the best character of the 'Mormon' people, inured to hardship, patient in trial, God-fearing, self-sacrificing, full of love for the human race, powerful in religious, moral, mental and physical strength. 'Under his direction, the Church has grown in power until it is accounted one of the most perfectly organized bodies in existence'."

Heber J. Grant, the seventh and present leader of the Church, was the first one born in the valleys of the mountains, and of him Sister Smith said: "President Grant's life is full of testimonies that God lives and answers prayers, that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God and that the Church is divinely established by revelation from God the Father and his Son, Jesus Christ." She finished with the thought that President Grant, with us today, has the same power and authority as had the first president, and all succeeding ones. Each, in his time, has been the Prophet, Seer and Revelator of the great Church which he was called upon to lead.

In the discussion of the Project, Rachel Grant Taylor said:

"*I Will Gather Treasures of Truth*" is to be continued as the project and sheaf for the Gleaner Girls during the season of 1931-32. This continuation comes as a result of the deep interest aroused in the project. About 1000 "Treasures of Truth" books were compiled last year, and the prospects are that this number will be multiplied many times this year. One evening a month is to be devoted to the material from these books. Your success as Gleaner leaders will depend on your example in compiling an interesting collection of "Treasures," and your ability to inspire your girls to gather the finest material available.

"The books should contain the experiences, incidents and truths whose motivating force has been the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as restored in this dispensation of the Fulness of Times.

"In the manual suggestive classification of the subject matter is given in detail, also a suggestive outline for using such subject matter.

"I have here somee of the books of last year, they are from far separated stakes, and one of the missions. As we glance them through you see the originality both in cover and content which adds interest to the collection.

"You have in your power to inspire and assist the Gleaners of this Church to create a treasure that will be an inspiration to them and their children after them.

Following this, Emily C. Adams presented a brief introduction to the reading course book for Gleaners, as follows:

The Gleaner Girl's book "Singing in the Rain" by Anne Shannon Monroe sets forth a philosophy of life which might be summed up in the words of Mrs. Wiggs of the cabbage patch. "In the mud and slime of things, something always, always sings."

It discusses in an attractive way experiences which many of us recognize as our own and though some of them may be hard the writer makes us feel that near at hand is the good that is to come out of it all—that by facing life's problems squarely and by reasoning sanely, one may always find a way out of the darkness into the light. The book is a series of chapters in which the author chats of a number of things, such as "Shall I marry this man?" "Doing Double Duty," etc., and after reading what she has to say one is apt to find himself feeling that this world is a good place in which to live.

Chairman Grace C. Neslen brought the meeting to a happy conclusion with a brief talk on "Sheaves," and pointed out that unlike the gleaners of old who could gather only the grain left by the reapers, the Gleaners of the M. I. A. have the whole world before them as a harvest field, and the girls, at the height of their beautiful young womanhood, alert and intelligent, efficient and resourceful, should be able to find life's finest treasures, and make them their own. She explained that each leader of girls was chosen because someone in authority had considered her capable and willing to put forth the effort necessary to win the girls, and explained that not only ability and willingness are necessary, but the faith to produce the inspiration to move the girls to glean those things which will go with them through their lives as a blessing. Expressing the confidence and appreciation of the General Board, Mrs. Neslen concluded her remarks.

Vanguard Department

Demonstration and Meeting

SATURDAY, JUNE 13TH
8 TO 8:50 A. M.—9 TO 10:30 A. M.

IN view of the fact that a new Vanguard program which bids fair to attract the notice of national organizations was introduced at the conference, the entire Vanguard Message in the August *Era* will be given over to an explanation of it, and with that plan in mind, the proceedings of the department meetings will be given here in outline only.

At the Deseret Gymnasium, on Saturday morning, the new athletic events for the boys of the Church were demonstrated—archery and vanball, the new and diverting game created

especially for contests in the Vanguard department. At the meeting directly following, in association with the Scout Department, John D. Giles, of the Young Mens' General Board, explained the new organization plan, after which Chairman Chas. R. Mabey discussed the joint Vanguard-Scout project—"Historical Monuments and Markers."

Separate Session

SATURDAY, JUNE 13TH
10:30 TO 12:00 A. M.

AT this session, the detailed presentation of the Vanguard plan was taken up. Chairman Geo. R. Hill, Jr., gave "The Log of the Vanguard Trail—its function, possibilities and uses," after which John D. Giles and D. E. Hammond explained the athletic events for contest which were demonstrated earlier in the morning. "Developing the Reading Habit" was the subject of a talk given by Dr. John H. Taylor, in which a brief review of the department reading course book for the coming season—"Larry" —was included. A round-table discussion, led by Scout executives and shared by the many representatives present, cleared up many problems, and aroused the desire and determination on the part of boy-leaders from all parts of the Church, to get all the boys of Vanguard age into the program.

(Watch the August *Era*, Vanguard "Messages," for further explanation).

Scout Department

Separate Session

SATURDAY, JUNE 13TH
10:30 TO 12:00 A. M.

CHARACTERIZED by the sincerity and enthusiasm which has made the Boy Scout movement the outstanding boy program, internationally, today, the department session was conducted in the Tabernacle. Subjects of timely interest and vital importance to the success of the work in ward and stake were considered, followed by appreciative response.

"Modern Pioneers," the reading course volume for this group, was reviewed by LeRoi C. Snow. "Spirituality in Scouting" was the title of a brief address by W. Owen Woodruff. "Contest Work" was presented by Don C. Wood, followed by splendid suggestions on "Leadership in Scouting" offered by Ernest P. Horsley and Chairman Charles R. Mabey.

The text of the talks given as well as the explanations of department work, were of unusual value to leaders, and for that reason are deserving of more space than this review allows, for which reason the summaries will be withheld until the August issue of the *Era* and there given in more detail in the "Mutual Messages" under the Scout department heading.

Junior Girls

Department Session

SATURDAY, JUNE 13TH
9 TO 12 A. M.

In the Junior department Laura P. Nicholson, chairman of the Junior Committee of the General Board conducted the exercises. Katie C. Jensen reached the hearts of everyone present as she gave her message of "Spirituality," in which she said:

"Friends give flowers to mark the hours
Of changing seasons as they roll,
Our love we give, by this we live
Love-thoughts are blossoms of the soul."

Appreciation for having been called into M. I. A., our attitude towards our work, love of the work and love for the girls are necessary to success. We are leaders of the girls, leaders of the future motherhood of the world. One hesitates to rely upon human ability when we accept such a challenge for fine leadership. We must bring light and action into our work by making our appeal through the hearts of the girls.

If we would save a soul, we must first reach a heart. Youth is sophisticated, sometimes righteously so. Education and contact with a wonderful world have made our girls so intelligent and understanding that they need spirituality. Drummond says, "The world is not a play ground, it is a school room. Life is not a holiday but a source of broad education."

Let us reach the hearts of the girls by following the example set by our Savior, the greatest teacher the world has ever known. He reached the hearts

of his people through communion with his Heavenly Father, forgetfulness of self, love for his fellowmen, willingness to serve, humility and obedience to all of God's commandments. Seek out the girls who seem to be misunderstood. They too have hearts and perhaps they are of gold.

A teacher may never have missed a meeting, she may have given all of the lessons, but if she has not reached the hearts of her girls and awakened in them a desire for finer things she has failed.

A TEACHER'S PRAYER

I would pray that my heart may be open to receive inspiration from my Heavenly Father. I desire humility, wisdom and strength. I would know my own weaknesses and have power to overcome them. I seek ability to read, reason, think and observe so that I may never go before my girls unprepared. I pray for understanding that I may reach the hearts of my girls. I need tolerance and love that I may find the way and lead their souls to God. Bless me in my task.

Laura P. Nicholson introduced the subject material of the lessons, "Building a Life" which was followed by a class demonstration led by Grace Trowbridge of Liberty Stake.

A break in the program was made by a lively song practice of the new Junior class song.

"Larry," the reading course book, was introduced and reviewed, excerpts were read and comments made by Emma Goddard in a charming manner, after which Julia S. Baxter spoke about the Junior activities mentioning particularly the Question Box, the Travelogue and the Junior contest numbers. A few reports on the Junior work of the last season were given by Junior leaders from the field.

The program was closed by a dramatization of the project "My Story—Lest I Forget" conducted by Agnes S. Knowlton. Everyone present felt that it was one of the most successful Junior department meetings ever held and that it would be most beneficial to the stake leaders.

Bee-Hive Girls

Department Meeting

SATURDAY, JUNE 13TH
9 TO 12 A. M.

THE Bee-Hive Committee of the General Board was delighted to meet, in informal reception, the leaders from stakes and wards, for a few minutes prior to the opening of the Bee-Hive session at June conference.

Song and prayer opened the meeting, and the first number on the body of the program was the welcome extended by Chairman Sarah R. Cannon to the visitors, in which she expressed her pleasure in her association with a

group of leaders of the type which Bee-Keepers must be if they are to be successful. Continuing, she expressed her joy and gratitude for the privilege which was hers of being connected with so vital a phase of M. I. A. as is Bee-Hive work, and pointed out the fact that this work, which is heaven-sent, is essentially of a character-building quality, for during the very impressionable years of a girl's adolescence her feet are planted in paths which are straight and her eyes turned toward a worthy goal—the goal of beautiful womanhood and honored motherhood. Brief reference was made by Sister Cannon to the splendid achievements in Bee-Hive in the European Mission. She expressed the hope that girls of Bee-Hive age would not fail to realize the value of the work but would make it a power for good in their lives. Toward this end, and that of making their womanhood and motherhood glorious, Sister Cannon urged the Bee-Keepers to continue their effort, and asked the blessings of the Lord upon them in so doing.

Sister Catherine Folsom next explained the new plan for the twelve year-old girls who might come into the M. I. A., and gave a brief preview of the work which will be programmed for them. Complete explanation of this work, as presented by Sister Folsom, will be prepared in pamphlet form, and will also appear in an early issue of the *Era*.

Marie C. Thomas explained the coming year's program and the departure being made in the Bee-Hive Department in that no reading course book nor special project is to be recommended. This is due to a desire to simplify the work rather than complicate it, and cooperation with the auxiliary organizations in their campaign against the use of tobacco will take the place of a Bee-Hive project. The following lines by Pres. Ruth M. Fox, adopted by the Bee-Hive committee, express their stand and is to be learned by the girls: (next page)

M. I. A. Monthly Report of Accomplishments---April, 1931

	No. of Wards in Stake	No. of Wards Reporting		No. of Wards whose average attendance is 2/3 or more of enrollment		No. of Wards having completed class discussions and activities to date		No. of Wards having conducted an Opera	No. of Wards having conducted Health Party	No. of Wards having succeeded with Jr. Project	No. of Girls having completed Bee-Hive Project	No. of Wards having success with Vanguard-Scout Project	No. of Reading Course Books Having Been Read								No. of Wards having held Sunday evening Joint Session April	No. having used Era Program
		Y.M.	Y.L.	Y.M.	Y.L.	Y.M.	Y.L.						Life of Joseph Smith	Grandmother Brown	Light in the Clearing	On the Bottom	Chad of Knob Hill	Bambi	Schuman-Heink	Mother Carey's Chickens		
Bannock	8		4		2		1	0	0		11		0	0	1						1	
Bear Lake	11	9		0		4																
Bear River	12	9	11	0	4	8	7	1	3		32		49	65	25	27	7	72	89	62	5	5
Blackfoot	13		6		4		5				34			9	10	7	9	20	16	21	6	6
Blaine	6		3		1		1	1	0	1	11							9		19	3	2
Boise	10	10		5		7																
Boxelder	13		13		8		12	1			88		12	36	6			34	97	79	7	7
Cache	8	8		2		4		1	1			1	3	12	11	8	17	2	1	4	7	4
Carbon	7		6		3		4	1	0		39		5	10	3	0	0	38	15	68	5	4
Cassia	6		6		4		5	6	2				10		3			12	15	20	1	1
Deseret	12		9		6		6				42		89	123	62	55	83	108	127	86	7	5
East Jordan	11		11		6		10	1	2	4	56		37	39	10	12	10	72	72	71	11	7
Ensign	8		8	2	0	6	7	1	0	5	135		80	30	13	1	1	140	66	65	8	6
Franklin	11		10		8		8	4	3	5	58		13	20	6			27	57	26	11	11
Fremont	14		13		5		10	4	2		50		31	31	37			29	54	87		8
Garfield	8		6		3		3	0	0	2			5	18	9	4	5	25	25	46	5	5
Granite	10		9		3		6	10		5	166		28	10	6	2	1	87	54	126	9	6
Grant	14		11		6		10	1	2	3	81		16	18				37	29	66	11	5
Gunnison	7		7		2		4	2	1	3	15		8	9	2			13	25	18	4	4
Hollywood	12	12	12	6	5	9	9	2	1	1	45		30	96				75	67	34	12	10
Idaho Falls	12		10		2		8	3	4	4	34		12	10	2			23	71	29	11	10
Juab	5		5		5		3	4	1	5	70		10	19				68	63	70	4	4
Kolob	5		5		1		3			5	20		2	26				28	20	37	4	2
Liberty	12	12	8		10		4		7			4	6	14	2	8	6	7	9	3	10	6
Logan	11		8		4		8		1		20		2	17	3	8	8	55	36	35	6	6
Los Angeles	11	8	11	6	9	7	9	1	2	2			27	45				86	33	63	9	9
Lost River	5		3		1		2						8	15	3		9	12	6	10	2	2
Malad	9		8		4		6	9	3													
Maricopa	10	10	7	5	6	9	6	2	2	4	50	5	33	44	8	8	8	45	71	51	6	4
Millard	6		4		3		4		1	1	15		15	11	6	2	7	18	43	21	4	4
Minidoka	8		1		1		1							5	6					7	1	1
Montpelier	13		7		2		1				13			11	15			49	9	14	6	6
Moroni	5		4		3		4	1	1		23			16	10			13	15	18	4	3
North Sanpete	5		5		3		5	1	2		58		13	54	51	24	45	80	58	77	4	4
North Sevier	4		4				3	1	2	2	1			5				34	21	6	1	1
North Weber	14		13		6		9	1		5	25		18	16	1	3		42	23	34	12	10
Ogden	12		12		9		11	4	1	9	114		28	33	7	3	3	79	67	96	9	6
Oquirrh	6		6		3		6	1	3	6	79		23	47				40	46	74	6	5
Panguitch	6		2							1	5		29					16		6	2	2
Pocatello	10		8		6		5	3	4	5	66		29	62				106	64	108	7	7
Raft River	6		5		1		3	1	1		6		9	18	30	5		27	18	22	4	4
South Davis	8		8		5		7		1	2	69		18	39	8			50	74	46	7	3
South Sevier	8		7		3		7	1			51		22	29	25	16	26	50	63	49	5	5
Sharon	7		4		2		4		*		25		9	13				28	32	24	3	3
Salt Lake	13	13	13	0	6	6	13	4	3	7	147		54	38	8		1	84	68	113	13	12
San Francisco	10	4		1		3		1	1	1	0	0	52	52	50	32	60	60	36	50	4	2
San Juan	3		2		1		2				15		15	21	8		7	23	25	36	2	2
St. Johns	5	6	4		1		2		1	2	26		15	26	16	5	10	32	25	30	3	3
Taylor	6		6		2		4		1		67		8	35				80	39	40	6	5
Union	5	4	5	3	3	5	5	0	1	1	16	2	14	65	16	18	37	56	19	36	4	4
Utah	9		9		2		6		1		70		20	28	9		9	136	139	121	8	6
Wasatch	9		9		6		8	8	9		48		21	43				37	39	48	8	7
West Jordan	8	2	6	0	5	2	5	0	1		27		23	13				32	31	38	5	3
Yellowstone	10	7	7	2	3	3	4	0			11		10	24	3	2	10	36	21	40	7	7
Zion Park	7		3		3		2		1		3		22	21	36	15	28	17	36	39	3	3
Calif. Mission	39		14		6		9	4	2		18		22	28				33	19	17	13	9
Canadian	4		4		4		4	1	1									6	5		2	2
Northwestern	19		6		4		5	2	2	2	32		5	45				74	31	30	6	6
Northern	17		7		5		3						1	3	3			6	2	2	5	4

*Stake.

We, the Bee-Hive girls of M. I. A.,
God's Word of Wisdom will obey;
From tea and coffee we'll refrain
Our lips tobacco will not stain.

We will maintain our Country's laws
And further every righteous cause,
Our time and talents freely give
That we may truly learn to live.

Elsie T. Brandley explained the new Bee-Keepers' book and its use, pointing out ways in which the leaders and girls might gain the greatest benefit from the material included. This was followed, under the direction of Sister Brandley, by an open discussion of Bee-Hive work and the problems connected therewith.

Ethel S. Anderson, Asst. Music Director of the Y. L. M. I. A., led the group in a practice of Bee-Hive songs.

In addition to the subjects above, treated by members of the General Committee, Leah Yates, of Grant Stake, explained their methods of conducting tests for graduation, and Fay Tingey discussed "Bee-Hive Symbolism." The balance of the program consisted of numbers from various stakes as follows:

Demonstration of an Ideal Bee-Hive
Swarm Meeting.....Liberty Stake
Cell-filling dramatization .....
.....Pioneer Stake
Health Band.....Oquirrh Stake
The Womanho Call....Salt Lake Stake
First Aid Play.....Ensign Stake
Original Song .....Granite Stake

A flag drill, the singing of "America" and the benediction brought to a conclusion a most enjoyable and helpful session of Bee-Hive leaders.

(A Bee-Hive Institute was held on the Thursday preceding June conference, at which many interesting features were introduced. In the August *Era* a report of this will be given, together with questions and answers on the subject of handcraft and applied arts which were brought up by the Bee-Keepers' present.)

Unique Word of Wisdom Exhibit

OUTSTANDING among the features of the June Conference was the Word of Wisdom Exhibit held from June 8 to 15. Last year, under the direction of Dr. John A. Widtsoe, President of the European Mission, the first Word of Wisdom Exhibit ever staged by the Church was placed in the International Hygiene Exposition at Dresden, Germany. It proved to be one of the most popular exhibits in the entire exposition. Untold good was accomplished by it.

During the June Conference, a Word of Wisdom Exhibit, patterned somewhat after the one at Dresden, but greatly enlarged and extended, was conducted. The exhibit was in three sections or divisions. These showed the negative teachings of the Word of Wisdom, with some of the effects that follow disobedience, the positive teachings with results secured by following them and the benefits and blessings that come through obedience to the word of the Lord.

Mechanical devices, motion pictures, stereopticans and electrical displays were used to carry the message. A large store building in the business district, convenient to the Church buildings, housed the exhibit which was free and open to the public.

Pioneer Features

THE Westward March of Civilization" was the title of a special feature staged in the Tabernacle Friday afternoon. At this session, in tableau, story, song and picture, the winning of the west was depicted.

The Pony Express was a feature and the part our own Pioneers played was stressed. The spirit of Pioneer days permeated the program. During the session the plan of the M. I. A. to take an active part in the charting and marking of the old Pioneer trails and landmarks was presented.

Reading Course Books

ADOPTED BY THE

Mutual Improvement Associations for 1931-1932

Department	Book	Price	By Mail
Executive	Life Story of Brigham Young—Susa Young Gates and Leah D. Widtsoe	$2.50	$2.50
Music Directors	People and Music—T. C. McGehee	1.40	1.50
Adults	Medical Aspects of the Word of Wisdom—Dr. L. W. Oaks	1.00	1.00
"M" Men	With Malice Towards None—H. W. Morrow	.75	.85
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Glancing Through

[*Continued from page 542*]

has been accomplished largely through the education of mothers, and cooperation of doctors and nurses in civic centers. Milk is handled in a more sanitary way, and communities have been awakened to the necessity of knowing and teaching more of correct baby-care.

Modern medicine is another safeguard to life—control of diphtheria through the use of toxin-antitoxin; typhoid fever control through improvement of milk and water supplies; understanding and control of tuberculosis, through which deaths have been cut down to one-third; and other things of like importance are so successful that great things can be hoped for in the future.

Industrial development, too, is responsible for some of the increased gains. Wealth is more widely distributed, so that more people have the advantages of better homes, food, fuel and clothing, and more leisure, all of which are vital to a vigorous life.

Important social and spiritual consequences have followed these sanitary and economic changes. Welfare work has made us a kindlier people—the leaven of interest in happy childhood leads to community optimism, progression and even exuberance. We have learned to appreciate childhood, which is a characteristic of true civilization.

The economic changes have made it

[*Continued on page 557*]

Orson Ferguson Whitney
An Appreciation

[*Continued from page 510*]

blended in the character of Orson F. Whitney; and judged by these and other standards of excellence, he can, by his own people at least, truly be called great.

BISHOP WHITNEY, as he was lovingly called by his friends during and since his twenty-eight years as father of the Eighteenth Ward, was blessed with two wonderful companions. His first wife, Zina Beal Smoot, was the daughter of Abraham O. Smoot, the second Mayor of Salt Lake City, and sister of Senator Reed Smoot. She was a beautiful woman, gifted in many ways. Her native wit was the subject of frequent comment among her associates. Bishop Whitney often said that when he was at a loss to find the right word to use in a poem or article, "Zine" promptly supplied the proper one. She passed away in 1900, having borne her husband nine children, seven of whom survive, viz: Emily (Mrs. Winslow Farr Smith), Helen (Mrs. J. W. Timpson), Byron, Albert Owen, Margaret (Mrs. Lester C. Essig), Paul, and Virginia (Mrs. Dr. Don C. James), the last two being twins.

His second wife, May Wells, who survives him, is the daughter of General Daniel H. Wells, one of the Counselors to Brigham Young, and also one of the early mayors of Salt Lake City. She also is a lovely character, artistic in taste and temperament to a high degree. She was a worthy and faithful helpmeet to her illustrious husband, not only in mothering Zina's children and her own two boys—Murray and Wendell—but in her ardent encouragement of his literary and spiritual work.

SOME people have said that Orson F. Whitney was not a practical man. From a material sense that may be true. But he was practical and past master in showing humanity the simple way to gain eternal life. In the foreword of "Through Memory's Halls" he addresses his children as follows:

"I cannot bequeathe to you gold and silver, houses and lands. My life has not been spent in acquiring earthly riches. My parents gave me something far more precious than that which moth and rust can corrupt or thieves break through and steal. They taught me true and noble principles, and shed the light of a good example upon the path they wished me to pursue. I have tried to do as much for my sons and daughters, and the manner of my trying and some of the results are set forth in these memoirs, which I leave as a legacy to my posterity."

The measure of the man is embodied in this paragraph. He was outstanding as one always ready to defend the faith and proclaim the Gospel without fear or favor. And what is more in this age of doubt and Godlessness, he was fundamentally sound. Quoting the words of President Charles A. Callis of the Southern States Mission, he had *"that wonderful gift, God-given, of making the Gospel truths glow with beauty and eternal freshness."*

"A prince has fallen in Israel."

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The Mechanics of Digestion

[Continued from page 519]

DIGESTIVE secretions from three sources are poured into the small intestine. These come from *pancreas* (pancreatic juice), *liver* (bile), and from many tiny glands situated along intestinal walls (intestinal juices). Pancreatic juice contains several enzymes, each of which has its special function.

Amylopsin, or *pancreatic amylase*, takes up starch digestion where the saliva was forced to leave it off, and carries on until the starches have been converted into *maltose*.

Trypsin, an enzyme acting only upon proteids, continues the work begun by pepsin in reducing these complex substances to their simplest component molecules. In the job it is aided by *erepsin*, from the intestinal walls, and which is the final enzyme concerned in proteid dissolution. Erepsin might be said to put the finishing touches upon proteid materials, by breaking them into *amino acids* which may be absorbed as such.

Complex sugars are in turn acted upon by enzymes from the intestinal juices and changed into simple ones. Our ordinary table sugar from beets or cane is not possible of absorption through walls of the digestive tract, until it has been converted into two simple sugars known as dextrose and laevulose. In the same manner, each molecule of maltose must be further broken down into two molecules of dextrose. This is carried out in the former case by an enzyme *saccharase*, and in the latter by another called *maltase*. Lactose or milk sugar is dealt with in a similar manner by *lactase*.

BEFORE arriving in the intestine, fats are entirely unchanged, except for being made more or less liquid by the melting action of bodily heat. Their mechanism of digestion differs quite singularly from that of other foods. Combined action of *bile* and the enzyme *pancreatic lipase* is necessary. Bile is secreted by the liver. With the lipase, it emulsifies organic fats (that is animal and vegetable oils —mineral oils are not digestible) and finally changes them into soluble *soaps* and *glycerin*. For accomplishment of this, bile must of necessity be alkalin in reaction, since all soaps are basic or alkalin. Even outside effects of the bile, all intestinal secretions are slightly basic; and digestive enzymes outside the stomach will act only in such a medium. Neutralization of acid material entering from the stomach is largely accomplished by the bile, as it is stronger in alkali than any of the others.

Soaps and glycerin are absorbed into the lymph vessels, then reassembled into fat, which is carried to the liver for certain modifications.

Bile is of great importance, not only to digestion, but also in prevention of certain abnormal conditions arising in the alimentary canal. It is also a medium of excretion, and some poisons are eliminated from the blood through the liver. Absence of bile, or its being lessened in amount, favors constipation.

FOLLOWING absorption of such food principles as digestion prepares, the small intestine gradually empties its semi-fluid contents into the *colon*. Here absorption of water continues; but it is believed that little or nothing else is absorbed after the material enters this part of the canal.

Should the meal be lacking in cellulose or "roughage," this residue may be so deprived of water that it eventually becomes a series of relatively solid bodies: or it may constitute a sticky mass which adheres closely to the colon walls and can be moved onward only with some difficulty, parts of it remaining in the sacculations or little pocket-like depressions to decompose into poisons which cause headaches, "blues," "grey days," and other undesirable symptoms. Where sufficient roughage is present, water is retained in the cells of its structure and maintains the material in a soft, wet state favoring passage along and ejection from the colon.

Was the Word of Wisdon Divinely Given

[*Continued from page 517*]

people in health and all that follows from health may be produced when the Word of Wisdom shall be fully kept.

J. Was the Word of Wisdom divinely given?

In 1833, when science was in in swaddling clothes an unlearned young man promulgated, as a revelation from God, a code of health, the correctness of which has been confirmed by the science decrees set during the last century.

Today, only a quibbler or one who resolutely does not want the truth can refuse to answer the above question affirmatively. If God did not reveal the Word of Wisdom to Joseph Smith, where did he obtain it? The Word of Wisdom like the other works of the Modern Prophet is an evidence of his divine inspiration.

Glancing Through

[*Continued from page 554*]

possible to nurture youth; and labor laws prevent their being drafted into gainful occupations which deprive them of natural growth and development. School laws provide them with facilities for education, and the result should be a generation better equipped to raise community standards to a higher level.

In the future we may look for even greater expectation of life. The Biblical allowance of four score years and ten seems now well within hope. Rural conditions must first be improved to provide the same health education and service as cities enjoy, but this is easily possible, with the aid of State funds. Conservation of adult life must also be studied, for little has been accomplished in regard to the span of life past the age of forty. Perhaps the remedy lies in teaching adults to observe laws of health and hygiene, including a saner outlook on life. The outcome of this would be the completion of the years which nature has made possible for man; and, protected by knowledge and its application, these last years of life might be spent happily and peacefully.

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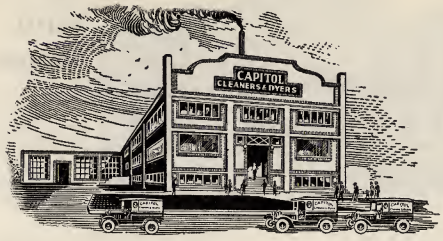

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Facing Life

[*Continued from page 521*]

any malice. Discover what his daily schedule calls for. Follow him through a major job or two. See what preparation he has had to make to be able to qualify for his profession. And don't content yourself merely with contacting an outstandingly successful one. Are there some near failures? What makes them such? Have you the qualities which would lead you above Dental Mediocrity? Your excursions into the land of vocations can be fascinating. Sample the work of representative leaders in a dozen or more fields. Nor are you limited to actual observation. There is a good book on nearly every vocation of your interest. Contact your public library, or your State Department of Vocation, or write to the Department of Vocational Education in our National Capitol. You will be surprised at the wealth of material which may be yours for the asking.

IV.

AND, finally, if you are still young enough, make your vocations your experimental opportunities. Try yourself out in a preliminary way before you are "committed" for life. It's good fun to tackle a new job to see how much you can learn about it in a few months. The experience will give you a lot of sympathy for men doing the work—question—it will increase your understanding of life as few things else can do. You will find satisfaction in discovering not only what you like to do but what you are sure you would not want to do permanently.

Short periods of *trying life on* are infinitely valuable to the young man who would answer the query "What Would You Choose To do?"

IT might be said that the difference between success and failure in business is that elusive something called genius. But, more often than not, that elusive something that spells success is the consistent application of good common sense.—*Orson Rega Card.*

The Book of Mormon in the Light of Recent Jewish Archaeological Research

[*Continued from page 523*]

of a cylindrical form, of a thick half-baked clay with a well sculptured head of a most perfect Jewish-Hittite type. It is now preserved in the Museo National in Mexico City." It is interesting to note that there was a rather close connection between the Israelites and the Hittites even as far back as the time of Abraham. We read in Gen. 23, that Abraham purchased from the Hittites the field of Ephron for a burial ground for his family. Here he buried his wife Sarah. Later he was buried there. Still later Joseph who was sold into Egypt took his father Jacob and buried him in the same field. To promote this idea still further we quote from the Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. 6, p. 426:

> "The relations between the Israelites on the one hand, and the Hittites and the rest of the conquered peoples on the other, had long been friendly, for the Hebrews had not only adopted some portions of the Hittites' religious cult soon after the invasion of Palestine, but had intermarried with them."

THE Old Testament gives many instances where the Israelites inter-married with the Hittites. "And the children of Israel dwelt among the Canaanites, Hittites, and Amorites, and Perizzites and Hivites. And they took their daughters to be their wives and gave their daughters to their sons, and served their gods." (Judges 3:5, 6.) Again, "Esau was forty years old when he took to wife Judith, the daughter of Beeri, the Hittite, and Bashemath, the daughter of Elon the Hittite." (Gen. 26:34.) Furthermore we read in II Samuel, Chapter twelve that David married the wife of Uriah, the Hittite, and also Bath-sheba her daughter. The latter became the mother of Solomon. (II Sam. 12:24.) The above references give proof that through inter-marriage there was developed in Palestine an Israelitish-Hittite type of people. It is now Dr. Lhevinne's claim that the relics and other archæological evidences recently discovered in Mexico furnish reason for believing that this same type existed in America long before the days of Columbus. He does not stand alone in this belief. Years ago Clarke made the claim that the Hittites were akin to the Peruvian Kechna, and Campbell found Hittite names in France, Japan, and in ancient Mexico. (See Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. 6, p. 428).

Quoting Dr. Lhevinne further, "Aside from archæological evidence the Jewish type is extremely common on the entire Pacific coast of Mexico, a fact already noticed by the priest Plancarte and Dr. Leon, who upon examining a collection of vases of the Tarasco tribe, (these live in the State of Michoacan, near Oaxaca) in 1893, found a tablet with Hebrew inscription."

NOW a word concerning the whereabouts of the landing of the early American Jewish settlers. Toward the beginning of this paper, we cited the Book of Mormon and also the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith to the effect that the colony of Lehi landed on the west coast of South America; and that the colony of Mulek most likely landed in Central America. "According to Mena, (a prominent Mexican archæologist) the Jews arrived in Mexico via the Pacific." Mena thought that the migration was caused by cruel persecution of the Egyptians. It is interesting to recall that Lehi's party came over the Pacific. They left Jerusalem because of the pending bitter persecution, not, however, by the Egyptians but by the Assyrians. It is the further belief of Dr. Lhevinne that seafaring Jews might have drifted over the Atlantic to Brazil, Guianas, or Panama. "Be that as it may," says he, "the fact remains that in French Guiana the native tongue 'gabibi' is rich and developed and abounds in Hebrew stems." This statement agrees remarkably with the claim long maintained by the "Mormons" that one of the Jewish colonies, Mulek's, came over the Atlantic and in all likelihood landed somewhere on the east coast of Central America.

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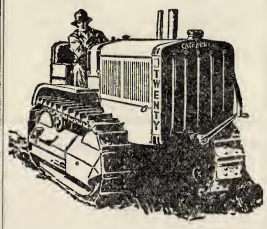

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We realize that the above facts and discoveries do not afford external evidence sufficient to prove the claims made by the Book of Mormon. But to the Latter-day Saint these evidences are very interesting and at least highly corroborative of the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon records. We shall await with continued interest for further knowledge of the archeological research of the Jews in Mexico and Central America. Furthermore it is very encouraging to note that of late years the concerted efforts of many scientists have made possible rapid progress in solving some of the mysteries of these lost civilizations. It is quite probable that the ruins in Mexico and in Central America will soon command even greater attention than have those in Egypt and in the valley of the Euphrates. We shall watch for further Jewish archæological discoveries to see if they substantiate Dr. Lhevinne's affirmative belief that the Jews discovered America.

A Splendid Tribute

[Continued from page 515]

to the flat plains of the Platte River Valley.

It must have been a heroic scene, and interpreting the picture to some friends one day, I told them that they could read anything into it they might choose or could conceivably imagine in the way of romance, tragedy, and suffering and it would still be true.

Men and Women of Great Faith

ON this long trek of more than a thousand miles from Winter Quarters to the Salt Lake basin they made their way through a trackless wilderness inhabited by savages and wild beasts. Unlike the fur traders, who were untrammelled and free to go and come as they pleased, this great migrating band of Christian people carried with them their old and young, the lame and the halt, the sick and incompetent. In fact they carried with them all their worldly possessions and all of their loved ones, prepared to live or die with them as the emergency might arise.

It was the greatest migration of people of which we have any record and was undoubtedly one requiring the greatest sacrifices, the greatest faith, and the greatest courage because of the magnitude of the journey through an untamed land. It was a marvelous event and a great trek, my friends, and the people who were able to encompass that great distance from the Missouri River to the Salt Lake basin and found there a great empire at that day and time must have been and are a mighty people.

A Tribute

ONE day as I recounted the striking facts of this great migration to some friends of mine, as we gazed upon the picture, one lady asked, "How could they ever do it?" I replied, "Madam, do you see those outriders accompanying the caravan with the guns across the pommels of their saddles scanning the horizon for enemies? Do you see the stern countenances of these men? Do you see the general attitude of faith and determination that marks the aspect of the entire caravan as it moves forward? They were men and women of a great and profound faith, and they verily believed that God was riding at their right hand every foot of the way of that terrible, tragic journey through the wilderness or they never could have accomplished it." (Applause).

So much for this sentimental side of my theme, but one I think well worth while, because I love to pay tribute to the men who have done great things in history, and certainly the "Mormon" people who settled this empire accomplished something that can always be held up to men and women of every creed and every faith as a most heroic and self-sacrificing record—one that contributed tremendously to the settlement and moral uplift of this country.

Inevitable Progress

[*Continued from page 526*]

Hammer throw—Fred Bennion, Utah, at Salt Lake, May 26, 1906, 136 feet, 11 inches.

Pole Vault—Morgan Adams, B. Y. U. at Salt Lake, May 24, 1904, 11 feet, 9 inches.

Broad jump—M. Swapp, Utah at Salt Lake, May 20, 1905, 22 feet, 1 1/2 inches.

Best Performances by Utah Athletes

TRACK EVENTS

100-yard dash—Dave Pearce, B. Y. U.; Nate Long, Utah. Time 9 4/5 seconds.

220-yard dash—Creed Haymond, Utah. Time 21 1/5 seconds.

440-yard dash—Levi Myers, Utah Aggies. Time 47 4/5 seconds.

880-yard run—Jack Squires, Utah. Time 1 minute, 55 2/5 seconds (State record); Myers, Utah Aggies, 1 minute, 53 1/5 seconds at Chicago, 1930.

Mile run—Squires, Utah. Time 4 minutes, 21 1/5 seconds (State record) Burke, Utah Aggies, 4 minutes, 19 seconds in national intercollegiates, 1928.

Two mile run—Virgil Norton, Utah Aggies. Time 9 minutes, 50 1/5 seconds.

Mile relay—Utah Aggies (Young, Breasher, Myers and Beattie). Time 3 minutes, 24 3/5 seconds.

220-yard low hurdles — William Mordock, Utah. Time 23 3/5 seconds.

120-yard high hurdles — Byron Grant, Utah. Time 14.7 seconds.

Best Performances by Utah Athletes

FIELD EVENTS

Shot put—William S. Cox, Utah. Distance 44 feet, 6 3/4 inches.

Discus throw—Mark Reeve, Brigham Young University. Distance 143 feet, 6 inches.

Javelin throw—Doral Pilling, Utah. Distance 196 feet, 8 inches. (At national meet 1928) Smith, Utah Aggies, 187 feet, 5 inches (state record).

High jump—Alma Richards, Brigham Young University, 6 feet 5 3/8 inches. (Cornell, 1912) Clinton Larson, Brigham Young University, 6 feet, 7 7/8 inches, unofficial (Penn. relays, 1917). Byron Grant, Utah, 6 feet, 2 3/8 inches (State record).

Broad jump—Myles Bowen, Utah Aggies. Distance 23 feet, 9 inches.

Pole vault—Carl Belliston, Utah Aggies; George Staples, Brigham Young University. Heighth 12 feet, 8 1/4 inches.

Hammer throw—Mark Reeve, Brigham Young University. Distance 148 and 28/100th feet.

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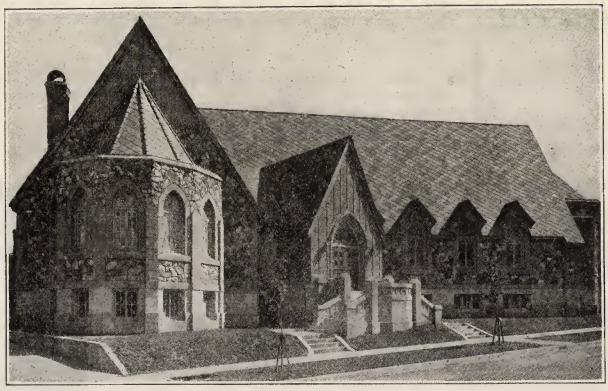

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Strange Anchor

[Continued from page 540]

he picked it up. He stood staring blindly at the thing in his hand. It was as if some one had hit him a blow, the hurt of which spread in fiery little waves over every part of his body. Somewhere he had felt this self-same sensation before. What was there about this thing in his hand—a child's knitted stocking—to bring back this awful pain.

Suddenly he remembered. Just such a stocking was related to his first impression of death. It had been the first night little Jack had died. He had rushed from the stricken room to see a little stocking dangling from the porch line in the night wind. It was something so definitely a part of the little fellow up stairs—something so far removed! The sight of that stocking had brought the first real consciousness of his personal loss, a loss so great—so overwhelming that the earth, time, space were swallowed up in it.

Later that same night Dad, himself grief stricken, had come upon him sitting forlornly on the stairs.

"You must go to bed, Jimmy. Go, sit with him awhile Grandma, will you?" he had said in a voice that sounded as if he were unconscious of whom or to whom he spoke, and then turning abruptly he had gone out the door.

"He has gone to the store," Grandma had said as she heard the gate click.

"I'm going down there with him," Jimmy had announced a few minutes later, "I've got to comfort him."

And go he did, making his way stumblingly through the back room into the office where Dad sat at his battered old desk. Jimmy remembered yet how high and narrow the ceiling had looked and what grotesque shadows the safe and desk had thrown on the wall, as if Life itself were grotesque and misshapen.

DAD had risen at the sight of the boy standing there in the doorway. For a long moment he had looked at Jimmy, but neither had seemed to find any words, then Dad had reached up and turned off the light. A second later Jimmy had felt his father's arms across his shoulders. "You are a good boy," he had said, and in that speech Jimmy had realized dimly, even then, that Dad was finding a comfort in the consciousness that though one was gone, one still remained.

Now, as he stood trembling in the darknesss, this all come back to him. The stocking in the boy's hand dropped to the ground. Something had come over Jimmy—a loathing for the thing he had contemplated. He looked down at the stocking at his feet. Strange anchor in such a storm! His sea was far from calm but the waves that swept over him now were waves of disgust.

The girl inside—cheap—glamourless! He recalled the greasy collar. He was shaking like a leaf. It was like waking from a nightmare before the dreamer has fully orientated himself.

SUDDENLY he saw the girl arise—start toward the door. He lifted his hands as if to ward off a blow. If only he could get away. Melt into the darkness. Never see her again. But she was coming and he stood there helpless.

Half way across the room, the girl stopped abruptly. A child's whimper from the shanty had cut the silence.

The girl turned back and with that movement the spell was brok-

en. Jimmy found himself running madly. He was out of the gate, past the old creamery, almost to the creek bridge when his legs gave way.

Sprawled flat on his stomach, he fought back great tearing sobs. He felt something on his lips. Instinctively he rubbed his sleeve across them. "Dirt! Dirt!" he kept saying, but he was not even thinking of his mouth.

The emotion spent itself. The boy got to his feet shakily and went on.

PRESENTLY his home came into view. Dear old gabled roof. Dear old apple tree by the path. "I can look these clean blossoms in the face now, or anything else that's clean, but I feel like I've been to—China—or *hell,*" he whispered to himself.

It was good to be back. There was the light still burning in the office window. Dad working on the books! The boy went toward the store.

"That you, Jimmy?" Dad called at the sound of feet on the gravel outside.

"Yes. What you doing up so late, Dad?"

"Sort of waiting for you, son."

He snapped off the light, and in a moment Jimmy saw him emerge from the back door.

They walked up the lane together, under the wet fragrance of the apple tree. To Jimmy they seemed on the borderland of another world where soul touched soul. Never before in his life had he felt so close to his father. Thoughts, white and holy, welled up in his heart and passed unobstructed to the man beside him. Suddenly something flashed to Jimmy. Jimmy knew it. No word was spoken but like a homing pigeon Dad's old message settled in his heart—"*You are a good boy.*"

TEMPERANCE, in the nobler sense, does not mean a subdued and imperfect energy; it does not mean a stopping short in any good thing, as in love or in faith; but it means the power which governs the most intense energy, and prevents its acting in any way but as it ought.—*Ruskin: The Stones of Venice. The Fall.*

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Foods for Health

Summer Foods Should be Different from Winter Foods

[Continued from page 543]

tightly covered kettle and boil 10 minutes. Remove husks and serve at once. Corn should never be allowed to stand in the water. Corn in husks may also be cooked in the oven. Place it in a tightly covered pan with a small amount of water and bake 15 minutes, or it may be cooked in a Dutch oven over a camp fire from 7 to 10 minutes.

Green Corn Saute

CUT corn from cob—not too close—but be sure to scrape the cob with the blunt side of the knife in order to get all the juice. Place in an iron frying pan, 1 tablespoon of butter, 1 tablespoon of olive oil, two cups of corn and ½ of a medium sized green pepper which has been parboiled and chopped fine. Cover and cook all together 7 minutes.

Beets

BEETS, especially when young and fresh enough to be cooked with their tops, are a most desirable food. They should always be cooked in their skins, and if the tops are removed, the stems should be left about an inch long, otherwise the beets will lose their color in the cooking.

French Beets

2 cups cooked beets (diced)
2 tablespoons of cornstarch
2 tablespoons of butter
½ cup vinegar
½ tablespoon sugar
Seasoning

Mix cornstarch, sugar and vinegar together, add butter and place over fire, stirring constantly until it thickens, add beets, let boil 3 minutes, then serve.

Pickled Beets

1 quart of cooked, sliced beets
1 cup vinegar (malt)
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup water
1 teaspoon salt.

Heat vinegar, water, sugar and salt together, add beets, let boil 2 minutes, remove from fire and serve hot or let them cool and place in ice box to chill. They will keep several days. If carefully sealed while hot they will last indefinitely.

Macaroni and Cheese Ring

1½ cup cooked macaroni
1 cup soft bread crumbs
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons cream
1 tablespoon chopped green pepper
2 eggs
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon chopped onion
½ cup grated cheese

Beat the egg yolks, add cream, then stir in the bread crumbs and cheese. Add the macaroni and other ingredients and mix all together, and lastly fold in the beaten whites of the eggs. Put in well buttered ring mould, place mould in pan of hot water in oven and bake 25 minutes. When done turn out on a platter or chop plate and fill center with buttered peas, asparagus or fried green corn. This dish is almost a complete meal in itself. Followed by a fruit salad or light dessert it makes a most satisfying summer evening meal.

Fruit Salad Dressing

1 cup of sugar
½ cup lemon juice
4 egg yolks
2 tablespoons of butter
Pinch of salt
Dash of red pepper

Melt butter, add lemon juice, sugar and seasoning and stir until it comes to a boil, then pour over the beaten yolks of eggs. When cold add 1 cup of whipped cream. This is a rather sweet dressing and when used with fruits and nuts, the salad may be served at the end of a meal as a dessert.

Jellied Fruit Salad

1 box of lemon gelatine
2 cups water (boiling)
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Pinch of salt
½ cup sliced pineapple
1 cup sliced avacado (if obtainable)
½ cup chopped blanched almonds

Dissolve the gelatine in the boiling water, add the lemon juice and salt. When cool add fruits and nuts, place in mould and chill in ice chest. Serve on lettuce leaf with the fruit salad dressing, as a dessert. *Cheese Puffs* make a nice accompaniment.

Cheese Puffs

1 package cream pimento cheese
1 tablespoon butter
2 egg whites
Dash of red pepper

Melt the butter and stir it into the cheese. Beat the egg whites and add to the butter and cheese (the butter and cheese mixture should be soft). Have ready bits of bread toasted on one side. Spread mixture on untoasted side, piling high in the center. Put in a moderate oven and bake 3 or 4 minutes. Serve at once.

Summer Apples

SUMMER apples have a fresh tart flavor and are nice made into a sauce or jellied apple rings.

1 cup sugar
1½ cups water
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons of the small red cinnamon candy

Mix all these ingredients together, place over fire and let boil for 5 minutes. Core 6 apples—do not peel—cut each apple crosswise, about 1/3 of an inch thick and place in baking dish, pour the boiling liquid over them and bake in oven about 25 minutes. When cold they will be jellied and red in color, and are delicious served with a puff of whipped cream as dessert, or without the cream they are nice with baked ham.

Baked Orange Rings

2 cups sugar
½ cup corn syrup
2½ cups water
1 cup raisins (seedless)
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon of vanilla

Take 6 oranges, wash, and with a sharp knife cut them into slices about 1/3 of an inch thick. Put them into baking dish and sprinkle the cup of raisins over the top. Mix the sugar, corn syrup, water, butter and flavoring together, put on fire and bring to a boil, then pour it over the oranges and raisins. Cover and bake slowly in moderate oven 1 hour; remove the cover and bake 10 minutes longer. Very nice served over ice cream or with cold meats, or hot breads, especially corn bread.

Corn Bread

1 cup white flour
½ cup yellow corn meal
3 tablespoons butter
1 egg
¾ cup sugar (scant)
1 cup milk
4 teaspoons of baking powder
Pinch of salt

Sift the 5 dry ingredients together 5 times. Beat the egg and add to the dry ingredients, stirring it around until it forms balls. Melt the butter and add, then stir in the milk. Bake in loaf or muffin tins about 12 minutes in a hot oven.

Ginger Bread

Ginger bread with fresh apple sauce is a good summer dish.

½ cup of butter
½ cup other fat
1 cup sugar
1 cup molasses
1 cup hot water
3½ cups cake flour
Pinch of salt
3 eggs
1 cup raisins
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon of cloves
1½ teaspoons of ginger

Cream the sugar and fat, add flour and water, a little at a time, then stir in the molasses and spices. Beat in the eggs one at a time, then add the soda and the floured raisins and bake in a slow oven.

Strawberry Shortcake (Southern Style)

1 quart of ripe berries
2 cups of flour
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons other fat
½ pint of whipping cream
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
Milk

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Wash, stem and dry the berries—put aside 10 or 12 of the largest ones for a garnish. Mash the rest with silver fork and add enough sugar to sweeten. Sift the flour, the sugar, the salt and baking powder together several times, then rub in the butter and fat. Add milk, stirring and mixing carefully—just enough milk to make a mixture that will cling together. Place on mixing board, dust with flour and with the palm of the hand pat into a flat shape about ½ inch thick, place in pan and bake in hot oven 10 or 12 minutes. Remove from oven and separate it into two layers by carefully *pulling it apart*—do not cut. Have ready some melted butter and spread very lightly, then add half the berries on the under layer, cover over with the second layer and put the rest of the berries on top of that. Cover with whipped cream, sweetened to taste, and garnish with the large, whole berries. *Serve at once.*

Raspberries or very ripe sliced peaches may be used in place of the strawberries.

The Little House Across the Way

[*Continued from page 537*]

not even seen! She was glad. If he had noticed he might begin to investigate as to who was daring intrude on his premises. Now she could continue her work unmolested. For she had further plans to carry out. In the vegetable garden, screened from view by the morning-glories, was a row of petunias that even now were spoiling to be transplanted to take the place of the transient poppies. The rose was growing inordinately and needed support. She was going to take a sprout from the discouraged fig tree in their back yard to plant by the back steps of the little house, and, since the clump of purple flags had wept its last blue tear by the gate, she was planning to move it, bit by bit, to more promising quarters, namely, the edge of the gravel path from the kitchen door to the vine-run garden gate across the way.

Irma was growing bold! It had been almost too easy, this making to blossom the forlorn little dream-place. And Walt had not noticed! Men were like that.

Irma had grown bold. She no longer waited for starlit nights. She worked by moonlight! At least a third of the purple flags had been torn from their moorings at the broken gate and were forming a trim curve along the gravel path to the garden gate when a shadow fell across the path, and Irma, seated cross-legged, a flag root in one hand and a kitchen fork in the other, became rigid with fear. She was discovered! The dream was done! Her busy hands sank limp and helpless beside her. She hung her head.

"Irma!"

She looked up slowly, painfully. The moonlight streamed down on her white, upturned face.

"Why Irma—did *you* plant the flowers?"

Irma nodded, and as Walt remained silent, she felt he was waiting further explanation.

"I hope you don't mind. You see, I love flowers, and I can't grow any at home because of the children and the chickens. I—thought maybe you wouldn't mind if I planted some over here. The place looked so—bare."

"Sure. No, I don't mind. They're mighty pretty," he acknowledged. "I'll help," he volunteered, stopping beside her.

IT didn't take long to finish, but during the time Walt heard more about the flowers, and he grew confidential about his own plans. He began a little diffidently, but Irma's sympathy was so genuine he presently found himself talking freely.

"I guess I expected too much in thinking Cecile could put up with such a crude way of living. She is accustomed to every convenience at home and it must have seemed awful to her to have to burn coal oil in the lamps and carry water and wood and all. I wasn't able to have anything better then, without going heavily in debt, and I thought she was just unreasonable and didn't care much about me or she'd be willing to put up with it for a while. But I see it differently now, and I've saved enough for lights and water. I can't manage the bath yet, but

maybe she won't mind that so much. Anyway, I'm going ahead and fix it up and with it so pretty, with the flowers and all, I—maybe she'll marry me now." He looked to Irma for confirmation.

"She surely will," Irma declared.

"Will you sort of help me to get it fixed up? I want lots of flowers and you can show me the best place for the sink and the lights."

"I'll be glad to help, Walt."

And so it was arranged, and a few days later workmen were again busy about the little house across the way. Plumbers and electricians worked inside while Walt and Irma transformed the yard. The poppies gave way to petunia plants and shrubs were grouped in the corners; bridal wreath and lilac and crepe myrtle. Shades, that Irma had selected, were hung at the windows ,and she also had a hand in choosing the simple electric light fixtures. And each day found Walt more gay and talkative and hopeful, and Irma more silent and white. Walt talked constantly of Cecile and what Cecile would like.

"I believe I'll go ahead and buy all the furniture and rugs, so everything will be ready," he told her eagerly. "You can help me choose them and everything."

For a moment Irma's face lighted in anticipation, then the light died. She shook her head.

"I wouldn't do that, Walt, if I were you. She might not like what we would select. I imagine she would much prefer doing that herself."

WALT nodded slowly. "Maybe you're right, Irma, but—er—," he floundered awkwardly. "I don't want to say anything against Cecile, you know I wouldn't, but—she's used to more than we are, Irma, and I—I'm afraid she'd want to spend more than I could afford. I thought if we went ahead and bought and arranged everything and made it look pretty she would like it fine, but if she went to town to select it herself it—well, it wouldn't compare very well with some of the finer things and she wouldn't be satisfied with it."

It was Irma's turn to nod, understandingly. Walt didn't trust Cecile's good sense very far!

But how Irma reveled in the buying and arranging of the simple pieces! With what care they selected kitchen utensils and dishes, and chairs and draperies and pictures! And when all was ready, the rugs laid, the pictures hung, and the draperies that Irma had made fluttered at the windows, they congratulated each other happily, and walked from room to room critically surveying their finished work.

"If she doesn't love all this, Walt, she's hopeless." Irma declared.

"I hope she does like it. I'm going to find out mighty soon—tonight!" His honest face was eager.

"I wish you luck, Walt. Tell Cecile I'll be glad to have her for a neighbor."

"Thank you, Irma. You're a brick. I appreciate your helping me out. Maybe I can do you a good turn some day."

"Oh, that's all right. I loved it." She gave a farewell look at the pretty room and went slowly to the door. She turned with a smile as she went out—a strange little smile. "Goodbye. You must be sure to let me know—"

"I will, Irma. Goodbye."

IRMA went home and helped with supper, answering in a detached manner her mother's questions about the house and consuming more than the usual time at the dishwashing afterward. Then she went out and sat on the front step and watched the house across the way with fascinated eyes. Before it was quite dark she saw Walt stop at its gate. The new electric lights flared on and she could see his stalwart form through the window, moving about, making a last survey to be sure all was right—for Cecile. He would come out, presently, get in the familiar car and drive away to town—for Cecile.

He did drive away, directly, and Irma felt as if a door had been quickly closed in her face and she shut out in the blackness of night—alone.

The family went in and to bed after a while, calling reminders of bedtime to Irma, but Irma sat on staring, staring, seeing the dear dream-place through a flood of tears, her heart bitter and desolate.

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She was glad her father planned to move from this place at the end of the year. She couldn't bear to look, always, at the little house and Walt and Cecile across the road.

THE clock had just chimed nine-thirty when she saw the car stop again at the house and Walt got out and went in. He would be over, presently, no doubt, to tell her the good news—or was it good news? He was coming now. Irma mastered her tears. She rose as he approached. He stood looking silently, thoughtfully, yes, tenderly down at her. Cecile had refused him!

"Walt—didn't she—wouldn't she—I'm sorry."

"Not too sorry, I hope." Walt was taking her hands. "I didn't ask her, Irma. Forgive me for being so stupid, but after I got there I discovered I no longer wanted Cecile. But when I went in my little house a moment ago everywhere I looked I saw you, sweetheart. Irma sitting across the table from me at meals; Irma sharing the fireside with me on a winter's night; Irma planning and working and playing with me. Irma working with the flowers in the yard and planting poppies in the snow. The little house will be so bare and I will be so unhappy without you. You love the little house. Can't you love me, too?"

If Irma was a little slow to reply she is not to be blamed. It had all been so sudden and she was so dazed and happy and Walt was so nearly smothering her that altogether it made speech decidedly difficult.

But when she finally spoke it was to say this: "Why, Walt, I loved the little house because it was yours, and I wanted to make it pretty because it was the only way I could do something for *you*. Why, Walt, I've loved you *always*."

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That rule seemed awfully hard and unjust to me—then; and I used to wish for the time to come when I would be grown and my own "boss" so that I could eat the filling and never—never have to eat the crust.

That time has arrived. I can leave the pie crust on my plate now—if I wish, but I don't do it. I start at the top and eat the edge crust first for I like it better than any part of the pie.

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